

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 560.—Vol. XXII.

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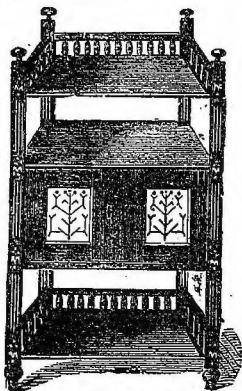
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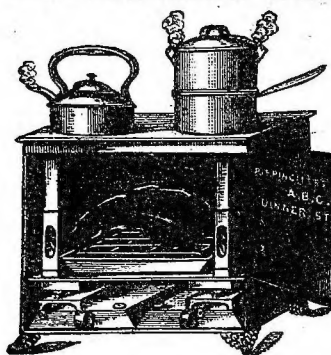
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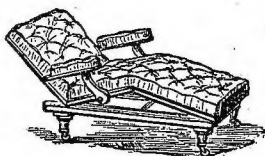
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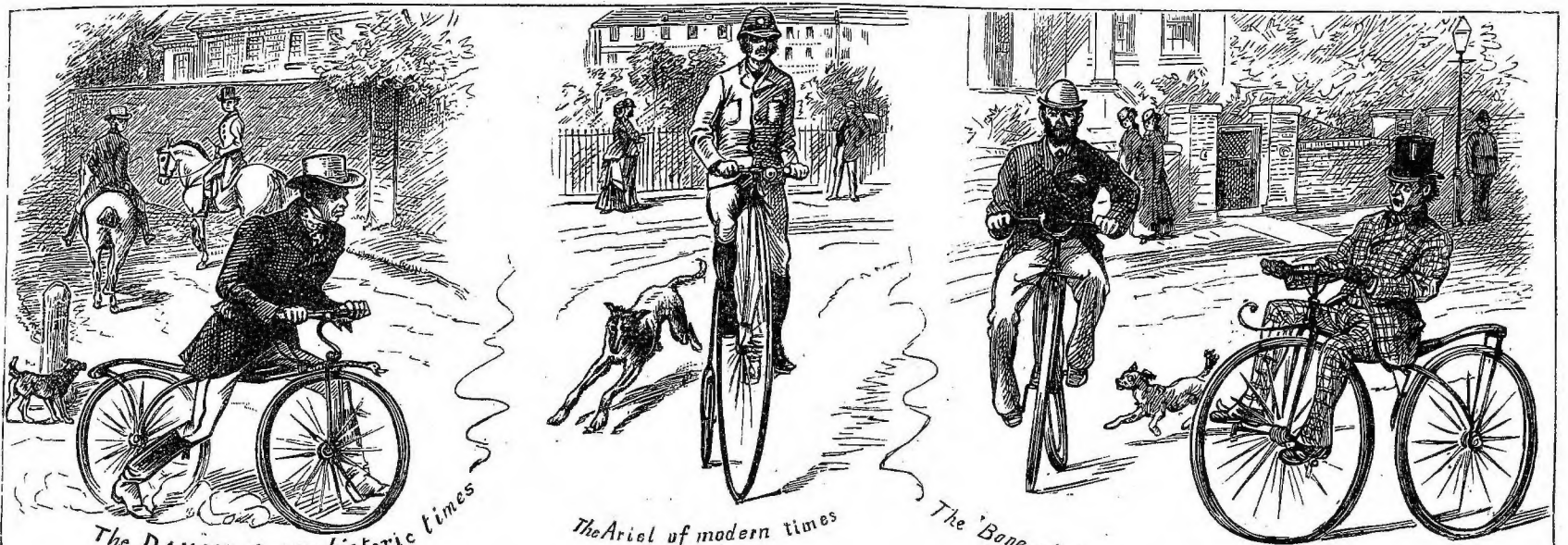
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 560.—VOL. XXII.
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1880

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The 'Bone-shaker' of the middle ages



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The police have strict orders to arrest any Bicyclist riding without a bell or whistle

Topics of the Week

THE IRISH SITUATION.—Not since the evil days of '48 has so great a responsibility been thrown upon Irish members of Parliament. They will go back to their constituents with a grievance against the House of Lords, and they will find a people ripe for incitement to the most desperate acts of rebellion. Will they be able to measure their words in such a way that, if outbreaks of local disaffection take place, they can feel they have had no share in the transaction? Already Mr. Dillon has committed himself at Kildare to language calculated to have the most disastrous effects on the minds of the peasantry. He has told them to organise a crusade against the landlords by declining to pay rent or to take land from which neighbours have been evicted, and to learn the use of arms so as to make demonstrations in force. Advice of that sort is worse than indiscreet; it is cowardly. For we know from experience that those who suggest such things will take no part in active agrarianism, while the ignorant victims of their rhetoric will suffer in proportion to the outrages they may have committed. The responsibility which rests upon Irish members, knowing as they do the inevitable punishment which awaits rebellion, is to assist the peasantry, by temperate counsel, to schemes of emigration or an attitude of patience. In the mean time it is all they can do; they can neither overturn the House of Lords nor create a peasant proprietary.

REGIMENTAL COLOURS.—The recent presentation by the Prince of Wales of new colours to the 23rd Fusiliers has given an additional impetus to the discussion which has been going on for some time as to the advisability of retaining colours at all in our regiments. A long speech or long pamphlet would not exhaust the various *pros* and *cons* which have been or might be adduced. Against their retention it is argued that a very considerable number of commissioned and non-commissioned officers are told off to guard the colours, that valuable lives are often sacrificed in their protection, and that the enemy is as much inspired to effect their capture as their guardians are to prevent such a catastrophe; and that, taking all things into consideration, they are rather an encumbrance than not to a regiment, especially as their loss acts as a most potent source of depression to the losers, and of elation to the captors. Twice recently have the colours of regiments been lost, a fact which is painfully felt by the whole army. On the other hand, the retention of the colours may be upheld, perhaps not on such strong logical grounds as their abolition, but on grounds which have still greater weight morally. It is all very well to sneer at what is called *esprit de corps*, and at the sentimental feeling attached to "a bit of rag;" but as a matter of fact the "bit of rag" has often decided the issue of a day, and has been the cause of a victory gained or a defeat averted. As a matter of fact, men do "rally to the colours," a regiment is proud of its colours, and will invariably do its best to save them. In this case the age of chivalry has not gone.

M. GAMBETTA.—The German press has fallen foul of the President of the French Assembly on a very small pretext. A Parisian journal, sarcastically calling itself the *Verité*, published an old letter of M. Gambetta's, containing some phrases that seemed to indicate a revived taste for the war of revenge. France, he was said to have written, would pledge herself to the peace of Europe when she had got back her lost provinces. On the face of it nothing was more improbable than that a high official of the Republic should, at a moment when the Powers are trying to negotiate in concert, commit himself to such alarming language. The expressions of opinion in Germany, however, were based on the idea that the statements represented the policy of the ex-Dictator, and Europe was treated accordingly to the most shrill cries of alarm. Yet a slight consideration of Gambetta's career might have anticipated the denial made for him in the *République Française*. The hold he has obtained on his countrymen since the letter was written nine years ago has not been the result of Chauvinist rhetoric. Frenchmen have listened to him, because, even while arming to the teeth, he has impressed upon them the necessity of peace and the development of their industries. He has been able to conduct them, step by step, to a Conservative Republic, through the intrigues of Bonapartists, Orleanists, and Legitimists, because his policy, more than theirs, held out an enduring prospect of rest. And the foreign policy of the Republic has proceeded on precisely the same lines. Whatever their private sympathies may have been, French Governments, throughout the whole Eastern crisis, have kept themselves in the background. Even from Greek affairs, it may be anticipated, France will now hold herself aloof, if the question of effective intervention occurs. Only, indeed, on the assumption that M. Gambetta had changed natures and programmes with Paul de Cassagnac, is the German criticism even intelligible.

BATHING AND BOATING FATALITIES.—Probably there is no heading to newspaper articles and paragraphs more familiar than this, or something akin to it, and no subject more painfully trite. And yet it is almost impossible to refrain from saying something on it, as cases of drown-

ing during the last fortnight or so have certainly been more numerous than in any like portion of a previous holiday season. Now of course the first thing to urge is that swimming should be more universally taught and learnt than it is, that instruction in it should be given in all schools, and so forth. But it must be remembered that the record of fatal bathing and boating accidents during the last few years shows that no slight proportion of the victims have been persons who were good swimmers. In some cases sudden cramp has been the cause of drowning; in some the attempt to rescue others in danger; in others, again, the knocking of the head when diving in the shallow water; while not a few have been brought about by the force of under-currents unknown to exist. In reference to this last-mentioned cause, every bather, whether he be a good swimmer or not, should make a point of ascertaining, through local knowledge, what the currents are at different states of the tide, and in the matter of diving the depth of the water; but probably the most important lesson to be learned from several recent accidents, where lives have been lost in the endeavour to save others, is that swimmers should not only be content with swimming well, but should thoroughly master all the precautions and devices necessary to save themselves when striving to render aid to others, such as the various ways of approaching, seizing, and upholding the drowning. Moreover swimmers, however good, should be taught the best means of supporting themselves in the water when cramp attacks them. Few fatal accidents are more lamentable than those which happen to good swimmers, and which might be avoided were knowledge of certain details acquired.

COLONIAL LOANS.—The Canadian Government is anxious to redeem its pledges to British Columbia by completing the great Pacific line of railway. But to do it, twenty millions are wanted, and the Dominion cannot undertake it on these terms. Under the circumstances, is it the duty of England to subsidise the colony to the extent desired? The Canadian Premier thinks England ought, and at the present moment she is asked to invest to that extent, security being offered in a vast surface of virgin territory which will spring into remunerative wheat, we are told, at the first sound of the whistle. No one will deny that the colonies have a higher claim upon English investors than the rotten republics of South America, which have made off with so much principal and interest. Everything ought to be done to open out colonial resources, and to make them available for the rest of the world. It happens, however, that New Zealand has just reached a crisis in her finances which shows the folly of premature development by English loans. New Zealand went gaily ahead for a number of years upon imported capital, laying down railways, making roads, and constructing harbours. So long as the money lasted there were good times for both capitalists and labourers. But it has all come to an abrupt end. They have created the means of traffic before a population has arrived to use them, and as they now invite no one to emigrate without considerable capital, a population is not immediately forthcoming. In Canada the same conditions exist. A railway driven through a great expanse of prairie country must inevitably wait a good many years for the growth of large agricultural settlements. Besides, it is not the Canadian people who are most anxious about the scheme. It is a small political majority, and the crowd of middle-men through whose hands the twenty millions must pass.

FISH WASTE AT BILLINGSGATE.—The proverb that it is possible to have too much of a good thing seems to apply at the present time to the common food of the people. "Sufficient for the day" and a comfortable prospect for to-morrow is making us wickedly wasteful. On several occasions of late there have appeared in *The Times* and other newspapers letters complaining of the great quantity of imported beef and mutton that is rendered unfit for food in consequence of dilatory railway carriage, and now we hear even worse accounts as regards our fish supply. We are told in the first place that during the month of July the officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized at Billingsgate Market the enormous quantity of ninety-two and a-half tons of fish that was unfit for human food, and that the "condemned" included 76,000 haddocks, 7,000 plaice, and nearly 1,500 casks of herrings. Nothing is said in the sanitary officers' report to account for the sinful sacrifice, nor is that to be much wondered at. "No man cries stinking fish," says the old adage, and it is hardly to be expected that Billingsgate would do so to the extent of explaining how the nasal offence originated. A little light, however, is thrown on the matter by a "Smack Owner," and by Mr. S. Ives, of Billingsgate Market, who on the same day ventilated their grievances in a contemporary. The "Smack Owner" writes:—"What fishmongers are charging I don't know, but this I do know to my cost, that at present the supply is in excess of the demand, and the public ought to be enjoying a favourite food at a merely nominal price. This week there have been less than eleven steamers at Billingsgate laden with 22,500 trunks of all sorts of fish, each trunk containing 75 lb. weight, and these have not averaged 5s. 5d. per trunk gross." Prime fish at a penny a pound first hand is news for poor folks to rejoice at. Allow a hundred per cent. profit for the retailer, and even then a handsome pair of soles or a large plaice would be obtainable for sixpence. There is only one obstacle in the way—the abundance cannot be enjoyed because there

is no market convenience for disposing of it. We have Mr. Ives' word for it, "While the Corporation are dreaming over Billingsgate our trade is going to the dogs. Directly we get over a certain quantity of fish to sell is impossible." Herrings of good quality, in barrels weighing 2 cwt. each, and which would be sold for 10s. a barrel, remain "over" simply because they cannot be brought forward for sale, together with a large quantity of fresh haddocks which the consigners would have been glad to be rid of at "one shilling per trunk of about 80 lb." Of this last-mentioned fish Mr. Ives says, "200 trunks have left Billingsgate to-day by rail for Hull—actually sent back to the place from which the catchers hail. We want a better market, so that we can get more customers to take away the stuff." So that after all it would appear that of the ninety-two and a-half tons of fish condemned at Billingsgate the greater part was rendered unfit for food simply because, having been carried into the market, it there got blocked in, and could not be extricated before it became spoilt. Surely a remedy should be found for an evil which is so severely threatening one of the most important elements in our food supply.

ANGLO-FRENCH MARRIAGES.—The French law is to blame if young Frenchmen coming to England are received with coolness by all heads of families. The decision by the Civil Tribunal of the Seine that Madame Desainte is not legally married to the young man who went through the ceremony according to English law, will emphasise the fact that the marriageable Gaul must be sharply looked after, in the interest of British daughters. Desainte was twenty-two years of age when he married in England; he lived with his wife for some years; he was five-and-twenty when his father withheld his consent, and allowed Madame Desainte and her children to be turned into the streets. If the case was a solitary one, it would be wrong to draw general conclusions from it, but it unfortunately happens so frequently that people are entitled to take its general bearings. In times when international connections are so close, apparently eligible Frenchmen are no rarity, and as they are both susceptible themselves and the cause of susceptibility in others, parents are entitled, so long as the law remains unrepealed, to look on them with suspicion. Until the parental control has been, however, reduced in France, it may be enough to let the fact be generally known that private marriages binding in England have no standing in France, unless the consent of the young man's parents shall have been obtained. Already too much misery has been experienced by Englishwomen ignorant of the circumstance.

AGED MARRIED PAUPERS.—The fact that the Guardians of the Strand Union have determined to follow the example of several other Metropolitan Boards in providing accommodation for married couples over sixty to live together, has created some little interest, and wonder also on the part of the public that such accommodation is not found in more workhouses than is actually the case. The usual "gush," too, has been expended on the matter, the cruelty of separating old married couples and preventing their travelling hand in hand the last steps of their earthly pilgrimage have been touchingly dilated on, and the comfort of aged partners in bearing together their poverty and their sorrow has been fully portrayed, while the conduct of the Guardians who have not made the arrangements in question has been energetically denounced. But let us look for a moment at the real state of the case. That many aged married couples do find a comfort in living together may be taken for granted, but it is equally true that the majority when separated in the workhouse decline what is supposed to be the privilege of living together. Masters and Matrons of workhouses are unanimous in stating this, and they say that the aged often refuse the offer of taking up their quarters in the "married block" on the ground that they have had quite sufficient of their partner's company in past years. This rather spoils the poetry of the case, and is an instance among many of the general ignorance of the public in Poor Law matters, and the tendency to condemn the Guardians as a cruel and ignorant set of men. By all means let there be "married blocks" for those who appreciate them, but let not facts be suppressed.

TREES IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.—When a cry is raised by a correspondent in the columns of a daily paper to the effect that "a wholesale destruction of fine old trees is at present being carried on in Kensington Gardens," the metropolitan public, which takes a keen interest in our parks, gardens, and open spaces, is likely to feel very much alarmed. But the complaint in reference to Kensington Gardens has been made several times of late years, when anything like a thinning out of the trees in that favourite resort has been suggested or effected. And such complaints are natural enough, and it is quite right that we should be very jealous of any destruction of trees in our public parks and gardens, or, indeed, anywhere in the metropolitan district; but it must be remembered that there are cases where such destruction is sometimes politic, or even absolutely necessary. In the opinion of many persons whose views are entitled to consideration, a still further thinning out of the trees in Kensington Gardens is of the nature of a necessity. The park-like aspect of these Gardens, which the correspondent of our contemporary so greatly admires, and fears they will lose, has really long ago been destroyed by the overgrowth of trees, which in dense

masses still cover the greater part of the area, for it is seldom that in private parks such masses are to be seen. The soil, moreover, of the Gardens has become completely impoverished by their numbers and close contiguity, and consequently they have been withering away by scores every year. The grass, too, beneath them is now no longer grass, but, to speak more *Hibernico*, mud in wet weather and dust in dry. Thus a clearance, or to put it more mildly, a thinning out of the trees to a considerable extent is imperatively demanded, so that some few at least may have the chance of life and of developing themselves. We do not imagine for a moment that there will be any wanton and unnecessary destruction of trees; and certainly the removal of very many will rather improve than spoil the appearance of the Gardens. Moreover, we are strongly inclined to think that if the somewhat dreary side of the Gardens by the Bayswater Road were made to look like the side of Hyde Park by Park Lane, a great improvement would be effected.

NOTICE.—Next week we shall issue, as an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, an ENGRAVING from the PICTURE by FRANK DICKSEE, forming the FIRST of a SERIES of "TYPES OF BEAUTY," recently exhibited in the GRAPHIC GALLERY.

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Our Illustrations

BI CYCLING NOTES: NO. I.—AT HOME

In our first three sketches the artist has given a pictorial history of the bicycle, showing its development from the "Dandy" or

"Hobby" horse, familiar in the time of our great-grandfathers, through the "bone-shaker" of the immediate past to the wonder-

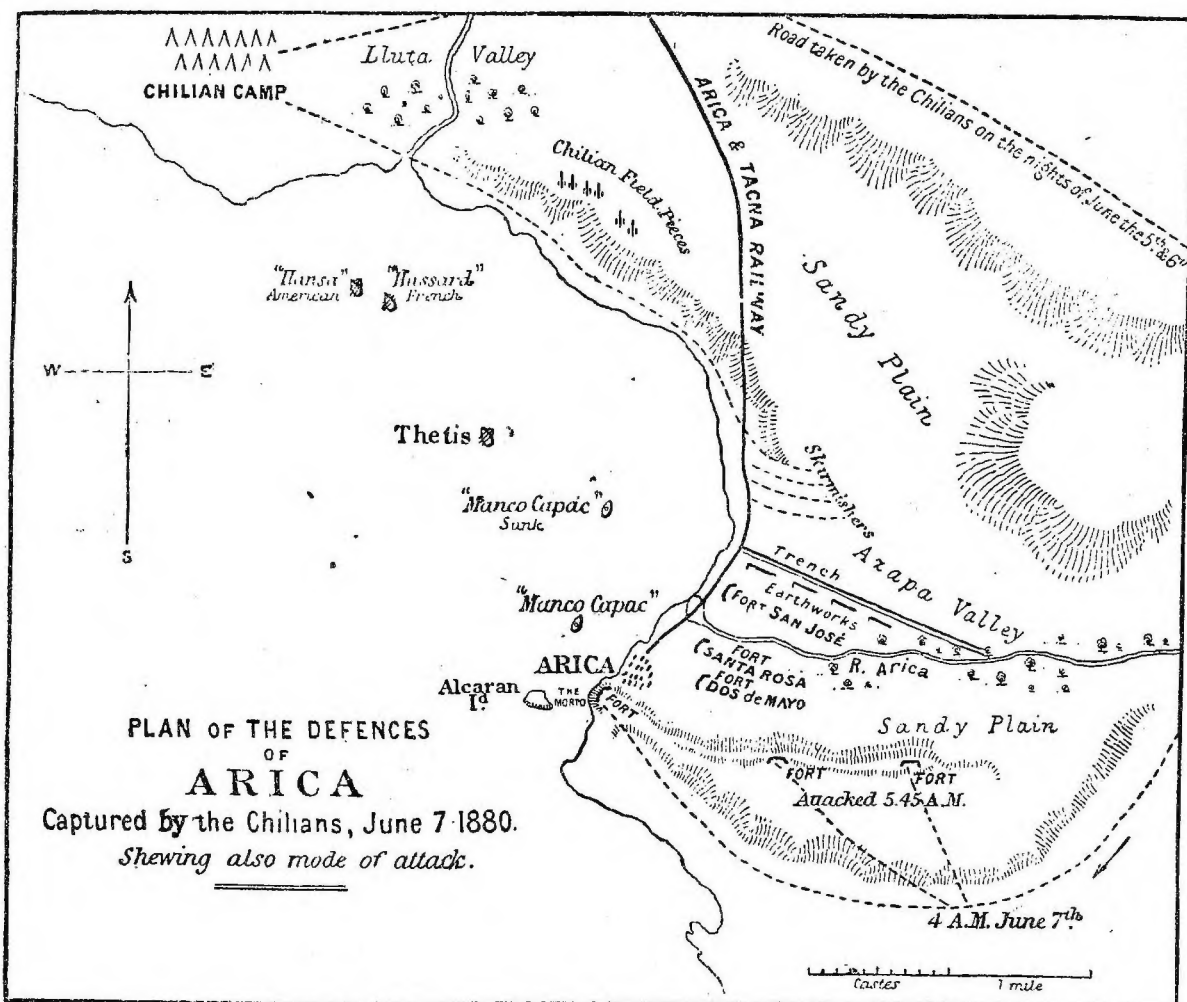
fully perfect machine of the present day. The popularity of the

depend entirely on leg power, an adverse wind being the *bête noir* of the bicyclist. Finally, we have an unregenerate descendant of Ixion coolly making his way through a village at a gentle rolling pace just fast enough to keep ahead of the myrmidons of the law whose duty it is to arrest him for wilful disregard of the bye-laws. The incident is humorously treated by our artist, but regulations as to the carrying of bells, whistles, and lamps are very necessary, and should be cheerfully complied with by all bicyclists, whose own safety, as well as that of other wayfarers, is imperilled by neglect of such precautions.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Arthur George Witherby.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA

THE CAPTURE OF ARICA

ARICA, which was captured by the Chilians on June 7, is the most southern port of Peru, and is situated at the foot of the valley of Azapa, in a small bay formed by the Morro, a conspicuous bluff 600 feet high, and a small islet due west of it, called Alcaran Island. This bluff is the terminating point seaward of a ridge of hills stretching about 2½ miles to the eastward, and tapering away into the valley of Azapa. At the back of this rises another range of hills of greater altitude, extending to the north-east until it appears to join one of the numerous chains between the coast and the Cordilleras of the Andes. On the first ridge the Peruvians had constructed with sandbags two forts, each mounting four guns, and commanding both the plain from the foot of the hills to the range on the opposite side—a distance of four miles, and also the approach to the town by the Valley of Azapa. The Morro had been fortified with eight guns commanding the approach from the sea. In the bay, close to the Arica and Tacna Railway, which skirts the coast, three redoubts were erected, and in addition to these fortifications a trench had been dug from the sea towards the head of the Azapa Valley, while sandbag earthworks had been thrown up for the protection of rifleman. The defending force is said to have numbered some 15,000 men, while in the roads lay a monitor, the *Manco Capac*. On June 2nd a large Chilian force was observed to arrive by train from Tacna (which had been previously captured), and to encamp in the Lluta Valley, about five miles from Arica. Their arrival created great excitement, and numbers of townspeople fled to the valley, to the Morro, or begged to be taken on board H.M.S. *Thetis* or the French vessel *Hussard*. Later on the Chilian force was still further increased, while upon this the neutral ships in the harbour sent boats on shore, and brought away hundreds of women and children. On June 5 the Chilians sent in a flag of truce and summoned the Peruvians to surrender. This, however, the latter refused to do, and shortly afterwards the Chilians opened a desultory fire upon the Peruvian batteries from field pieces posted on the range of hills to the north of the valley of Azapa. On the next day the Chilian squadron, in conjunction with their field-pieces, opened fire upon the Morro and forts. This was promptly replied to, and the firing was kept up during the afternoon, but the *Cochrane* and *Cordovana*, being struck by shells, hauled out of range, and at four P.M. the firing ceased. On the 7th, however, the Chilians attacked the two forts on the hill, pouring upon them a deadly fire from their elevated position on the ridge, and though a gallant resistance was offered, the attack was so sudden that the Peruvians had no time to turn their guns round, and the Chilians carried the forts at the point of the bayonet. They then attacked and captured the Morro, and before 8 A.M. the Chilian flag was flying from all the positions. Two of the redoubts were blown up, and the monitor, *Manco Capac*, was so injured that she was abandoned and sank. The foregoing account, and the annexed plan, has been kindly forwarded to us by Captain P. W. Stephens, of H.M.S. *Thetis*, who adds:—"Shortly after the Chilians entered Arica they began the work of sacking and destroying, and soon the greater part of the town was in flames—a heartrending sight to the poor refugees on board the ship. In fact the scenes on board when the poor creatures saw the firing commence, and especially when they knew that the Chilians were victorious, were very touching. Some fainted, others prayed to the Virgin, all were crying. The flames spread far and wide, and at this moment very

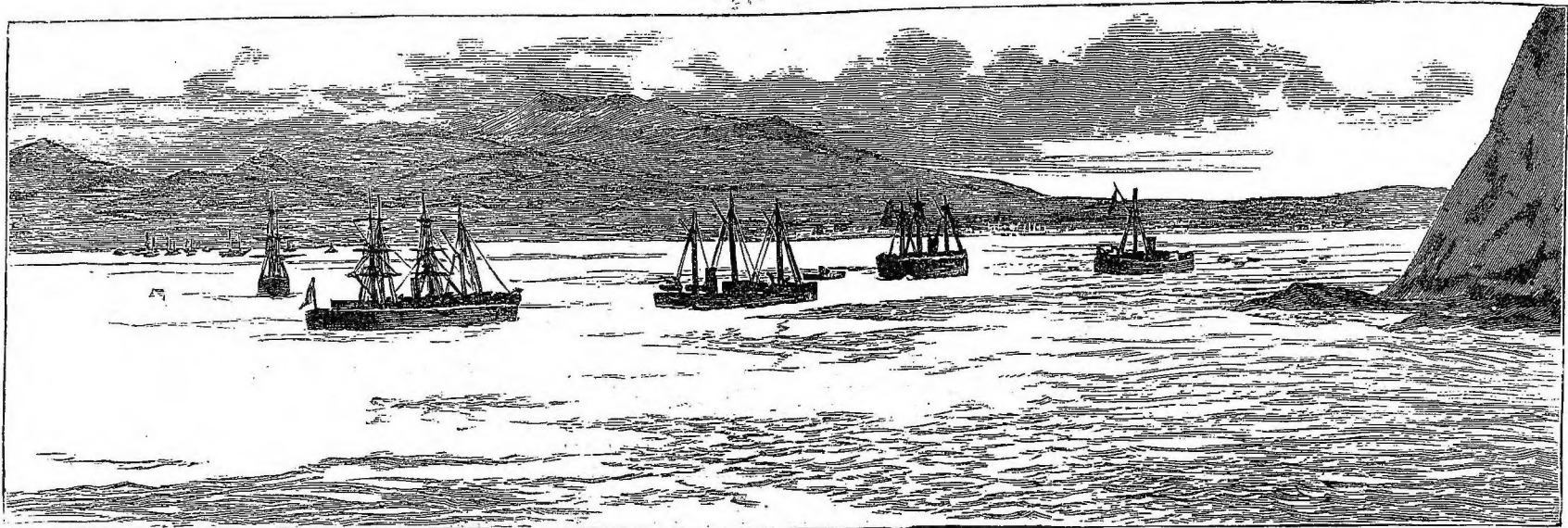


little of what was on the town of Arica is left."—Our engraving on the next page is from a sketch by an officer of H.M.S. *Turquoise*.

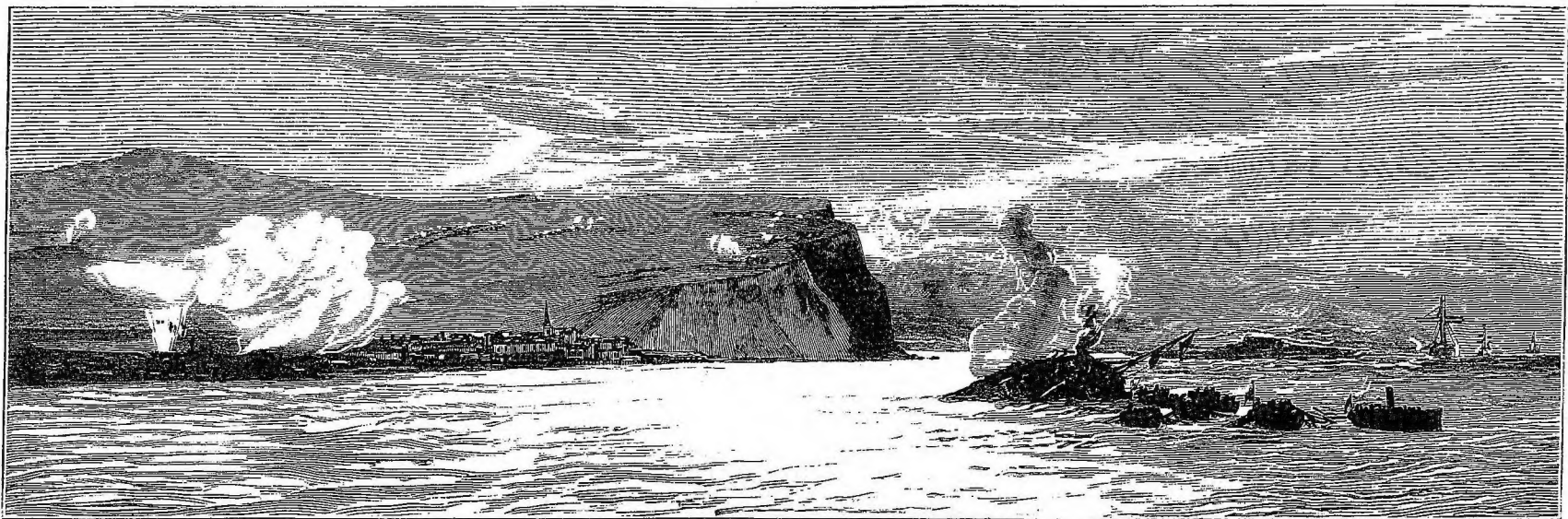
THE BLOCKADE OF CALLAO

The same officer also sends us a sketch of Callao, the port of Lima, which has been closely blockaded by the Chilian fleet. In itself Callao, which is about six miles distant from the Peruvian capital, presents no interest, the houses are mean and poor, with mud walls and

modern bicycle is hardly to be wondered at, considering its cheapness, the ease with which the art of riding it can be acquired, and the great pleasure to be derived from its use, either for short journeys or for extended tours. Our fourth sketch shows how merrily a bicyclist can sail along before the wind with the aid of an umbrella. Unfortunately, however, "tacking" being quite impossible; when a turn in the road is reached, or the wind happens to veer round to another point of the compass, he must shorten sail at once, and

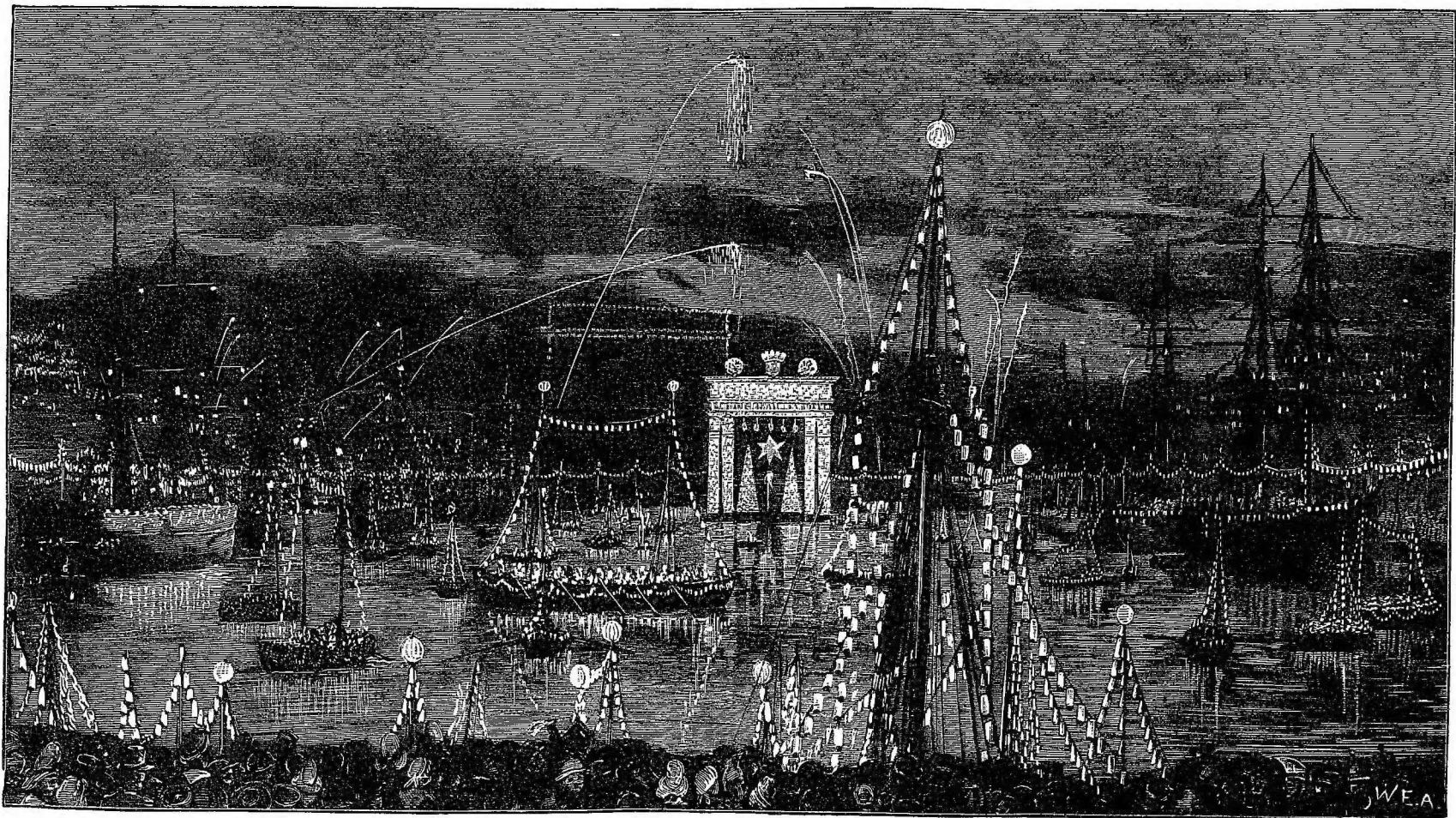


Neutral Fleet "Pilcomayo" "Amazonas" (Coaling) "Angamos" Torpedo Boat "Blanco Encalada" "Huascar" Callao
BLOCKADE OF CALLAO BY THE CHILIAN FLEET



Peruvian Battery in Hands of Chileans Blowing up of North Forts Arica The Morro Sinking of Monitor "Manco Capac" Chilean Ships

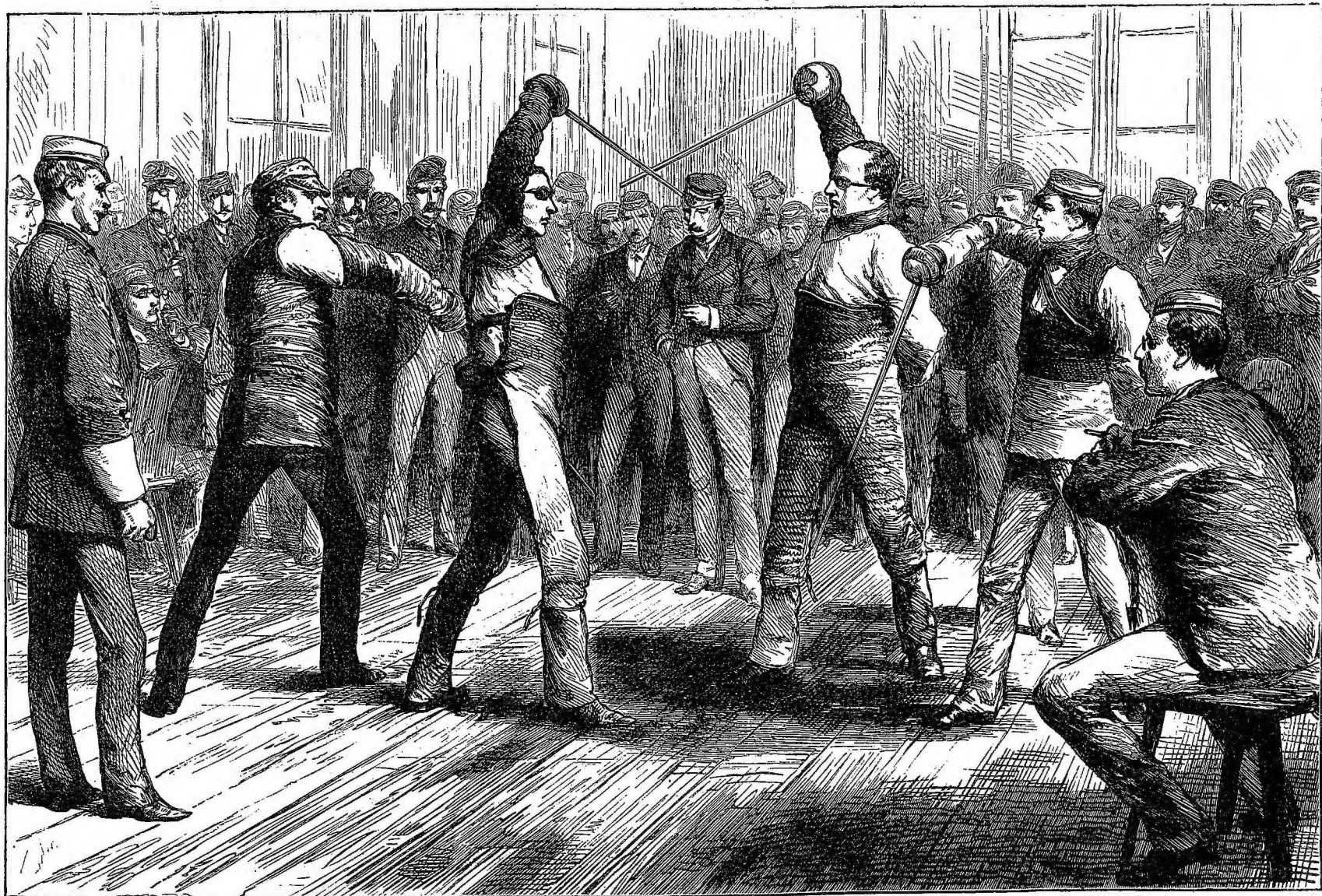
CAPTURE OF ARICA BY THE CHILIANS, JUNE 7
THE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA



THE FRENCH PRESIDENTIAL VISIT TO CHERBOURG—ILLUMINATIONS OF THE FRENCH FLEET IN THE DOCKYARD



SKETCHES AT A RUSTIC CRICKET MATCH



A GERMAN STUDENTS' DUEL AT GÖTTINGEN

flat roofs, and its chief features are its fortifications, which are good, and the roadstead, which is the best on the Peruvian coast. The present town is essentially modern, as old Callao was destroyed and submerged by an earthquake in 1746, which also laid half Lima in ruins. The Chilean fleet appears to have closely blockaded Callao, and to have seriously threatened a bombardment; but the chief incident at present has been the loss of their own transport *Loa*. The Peruvians had placed an infernal machine on board a boat, which they loaded with vegetables and fruit, and sent adrift. The crew of the *Loa*, thinking that they had secured a prize, took possession of it, and began to unload. As the weight of the cargo diminished, however, the machinery of the machine was set in motion, and in a moment 800 lbs. of dynamite exploded, and the *Loa* at once foundered with nearly all on board.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENTIAL VISIT TO CHERBOURG

THE complete success of the visit of MM. Grévy, Léon Say, and Gambetta to Cherbourg, last week, and the enthusiasm with which the three Presidents representing the Republic were received, is an undoubted proof of the universal popularity of the present régime in France. As the army had been so prominently *flirted* on July 14th, it was generally felt that the navy should have its turn, at least in some small degree, and at first M. Gambetta was asked to pay an official visit to Cherbourg. M. Gambetta suggested, however, that M. Grévy, as supreme head of the State, ought to be asked, and ultimately it was arranged that M. Grévy should go, accompanied by M. Léon Say, the President of the Senate, and M. Gambetta, the President of the Lower Chamber.

The three Presidents met with an enthusiastic reception at Cherbourg, and for three days there were continual banquets and festivities, foremost amongst which was the launch of the new ironclad *Mayon*; an official visit to the breakwater and to the flagship *Colbert*; a naval sham fight, a grand dinner, at which Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, the Secretary to the British Admiralty, and various British yachtsmen were present; a Venetian *fête*, and a Municipal banquet.

Of course, there was an unlimited amount of speech-making, M. Grévy, however, though speaking frequently, saying but few words, but always to the point, M. Léon Say saying next to nothing at all, the bulk of the oratory being thus left to M. Gambetta. Although officially speaking M. Grévy was the guest of the day, the great mass of the populace looked upon M. Gambetta as the principal personage, and his utterances were regarded as of far greater importance than the cut and dried phrases of M. Grévy. To do him justice, however, M. Gambetta invariably put M. Grévy before himself, and begged his hearers not fix their eyes upon any one man, but themselves to study the good of the country. In a speech, however, at a "Punch" given to him by the Association of Commerce and Industry, he made an imprudent remark respecting "reparation" for the disasters of the Franco-Prussian war, which has given great offence in Germany, and has excited considerable comment. Our illustration represents the illuminations of the fleet and the dockyard, which were exceedingly picturesque.

SKETCHES AT A RUSTIC CRICKET MATCH

It is not only at Lord's, the Oval, Canterbury, or our great public schools that the good old English game of cricket flourishes. There is scarcely a village or hamlet in the kingdom which has not its club, more often than not under the special and immediate patronage of the parson, whose family always have a shady corner of the ground reserved for them. It is with no small pride that Hodge and Chawbacon exhibit their skill and prowess when a "match" has been arranged with the representatives of a neighbouring village, especially if a "sporting gent" from London, should appear amongst the spectators, to the admiration and awe of the juvenile members. The local champion shoulders his bat defiantly, and will doubtless take his customary place as top score at the conclusion of the match. The elders who sit with pipes and pots, closely watching the game, are keen critics, with minds full of the reminiscences of big scores and wonderful playing in the good old times, while the patriarch of the village is usually chosen to officiate as umpire. After the battle victors and vanquished sit down together to lunch, and exercise having whetted their appetites, the gentleman who obligingly undertakes the carving is kept pretty well employed, and has little chance of getting a mouthful himself until the rest have nearly finished their meal.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. H. F. Abel.

DUELLING IN GÖTTINGEN

See page 190

OPENING OF THE NEW PIER AT BOURNEMOUTH

BOURNEMOUTH was *en fête* last week to celebrate the opening of the new pier, and to welcome the Lord Mayor of London, who, with the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, attended the ceremony, at the invitation of the Town Improvements Committee. The civic dignitaries arrived from London on the Tuesday, and were entertained at the Royal Bath Hotel, a magnificent building facing the sea, where the suite of rooms occupied by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales during his visit to the town in 1874-5 was devoted to their use. On Wednesday the ceremony of opening the pier was performed with great *clat*. The town was profusely decorated with bunting, evergreens, and triumphal arches, and the weather being fine, thousands of visitors came from all parts of the surrounding country to witness the spectacle. The Lord Mayor, after receiving a Masonic address at the Royal Bath Hotel, went in procession to the Pier, where the Lady Mayoress unlocked the gates with a golden key presented to her by the Chairman of the Pier Committee, and the Lord Mayor received and responded to an address from the inhabitants, and congratulated them on the success of the undertaking. The ceremony was followed by a luncheon in the Winter Garden, and in the afternoon there was a regatta and some aquatic sports in front of the pier; while in the evening there was a display of fireworks on the sea, brilliant illuminations in the town, and the Lord Mayor and suite were entertained by the Improvement Commissioners at a banquet given at the Royal Bath Hotel. Bournemouth, which less than forty years ago was a mere village, deserves to be better known. It is situated on the south-west corner of Hampshire, and is a very handsome and picturesque town, surrounded by the most delightful diversity of scenery. It has long borne an excellent reputation as a winter resort, on account of the mildness of its climate, and the inhabitants also claim for it the additional advantage of being as remarkably cool in the summer as it is warm in winter. The pier, which replaces an old wooden one built some twenty years ago, and since washed away piecemeal by violent storms, is a handsome and substantial iron structure nearly 300 yards in length, and affording sitting accommodation for 1,500 persons, besides an ample area for promenading. At the entrance, or shore end, is a handsome building of pitch-pine and plate glass, decorated with majolica panels, and it is intended at some future time to erect another pavilion at the head of the pier. The work, which was designed by Mr. E. Birch, C.E., and built by Messrs. Bergheim and Co., of London, has cost about 23,000*l*.

"LORD FRACKENBURY"

The NEW NOVEL, by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, is continued on page 185.

"A TIMELY RESCUE"

MR. DAVIDSON's spirited drawing needs but little description, as the incident he represents is one which unfortunately is only too often chronicled in those columns of our daily contemporaries which recount "Wrecks and Casualties at Sea," lessened though they undoubtedly have been by the warm-hearted energy of Mr. Pimmsoll. Some unfortunate vessel has been worsted in her battle with the elements, and her captain and crew, despairing of taking her safely to port, have decided to abandon her, and despite the raging of the storm to take to the boats. Providentially, another vessel, a small but tightly-built steamer, has hove in sight, and, laying to, receives the various boatloads as they are despatched from the wreck, the first—as the artist has shown—consisting of the women and children. All danger does not yet seem over, the boat has nearly reached the steamer's side, but the woman who grasps the tiller—mayhap the captain's wife—will have to exercise no small skill to prevent the frail craft from being dashed to pieces against the steamer's iron hull by the fury of the waves.

DEER-HUNTING IN THE NEW FOREST,

See page 187

AFGHANISTAN—A FIELD TELEGRAPH OFFICE

"THIS," writes Lieutenant G. D. Giles, to whom we are indebted for the sketch, "is a sketch of a telegraph tent at 'Bagh,' a town on the Quetta road. The office does not take very long to establish. A few carts or camels arrive laden with tents and telegraphic apparatus, and a tent is pitched close to the line of telegraph wires. A communicator in the tent is attached to the main wire, and in a very short time one is able to communicate with people at the other end of the country, an immense saving of time, as a letter would take a great many days to reach its destination. The natives sit round in a semicircle, outside the door, curious as they usually are."

TRAVELLING IN BURMAH

OUR sketches are kindly furnished by Major Farwell, 44th Regiment, and illustrate the mode of travelling in Burmah, the various types of vehicles depicted being peculiar to that part of the world. Thus, No. 1 is a fast trotting cart, used by the gentlemen of Mandalay. It is on springs, and the roof is made of finely-plaited bamboo. The back of the cart is beautifully carved. Bullocks are used for steeds, and wear a number of small bells round their necks, while there is usually some bird or animal carved on the yoke bar. This will be seen in No. 2, where a hare is represented. This vehicle is a simple hack cart. No. 3 is also a hack cart, but with a cover over the driver. No. 4 is a common country cart, with the driver at "attention." No. 5 is the Thayetmayo Royal Mail "Express" cart, which brings the letters from the steamers to the town. The first three sketches were taken at Mandalay, and the last two at Thayetmayo.

THE ACCIDENT TO THE "FLYING SCOTCHMAN"

OUR view of the scene of this extraordinary disaster, the particulars of which we recorded last week, is from a sketch taken about three hours after its occurrence, for which we are indebted to Mr. George M. Paterson, of 1, Broughton Place, Edinburgh. The spot is about midway between the Burmwood and Berwick-on-Tweed stations, and the country around is of a most picturesque character. The sea is about 200 yards distant; and about 800 yards farther south the line runs within a few feet of a precipice, 150 feet in height, immediately overlooking the sea. The express train, which was on its way from Edinburgh to London, was travelling at the rate of fifty miles an hour when the engine left the rails, and the effect of the accident was tremendous. The engine dashed from side to side, and finally overturned across the line, its front wheels being embedded in the embankment at the side of the cutting, while the rails were torn up for a distance of some 200 yards, the ground ploughed up in all directions, and the train of carriages piled together in a confused heap along the line, somewhat in the shape of the letter S. The driver, and a guard who was travelling as a passenger, were killed on the spot, and the stoker died soon after being picked up; but the guard in charge of the train escaped, though not without severe injury, and of the passengers only three were hurt, a circumstance which is attributed to the fact of the fore part of the train being entirely empty. The official inquiry has been opened and adjourned, and as yet nothing is positively known as to the cause of the disaster, though it is said that some of the rails were found to be very imperfectly secured.

OUR OBITUARY RECORD

MR. TOM TAYLOR, the eminent art critic, essayist, and dramatic author, was born near Sunderland in 1817, his father being a brewer of that town, and his mother a lady of German descent. He was educated at the Grange School, Sunderland, and at the Universities of Glasgow and Cambridge. He subsequently held for two years the Professorship of English Language and Literature at University College, London, and after being called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1845, practised on the Northern Circuit until 1850, when he was appointed Assistant Secretary to the Board of Health. In 1854 he became Secretary, and on the abolition of that Board he received an appointment in the Local Government Act office, which was subsequently abolished. Mr. Taylor retiring on a pension. In the meantime he had devoted his leisure to literature, and had become famous as a dramatist, critic, biographer, and humourist. His dramatic works alone number more than one hundred, the majority being adaptations from the French. Some of the best remembered are *Still Waters Run Deep*, *The Unequal Match*, *The Fool's Revenge*, *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*, *Twixt Axe and Crown*, *Anne Boleyn*, *Joan of Arc*, *A Contested Election*, *The Ticket of Leave Man*, *The Serf*, and *Clancarty*. On the death of Mr. Shirley Brooks, some seven years since, Mr. Taylor succeeded him as editor of *Punch*, to which he had been a contributor for many years, almost from its commencement. He died on the 12th ult., after a short illness, and his remains now lie in Brompton cemetery. To adopt the words of one of our daily contemporaries, "He leaves a vacant space in literature which cannot readily be filled."

GENERAL ALFRED HUYSE, C.B., Royal (late Bengal) Artillery, who died in February last, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, was the youngest son of the Rev. John Huyshe. He was a fellow cadet of Lord Napier of Magdala at Addiscombe, and received his commission as second lieutenant in the Bengal Artillery in 1827. He served as Brigade Major during the Gwalior Campaign of 1843-4, and was present at the battle of Maharajpore, for which he received the bronze star. Throughout the second Sikh war of 1848-9 Huyshe, then a Captain, commanded a troop of Horse Artillery, and took part in the action of Sadoolapore and the desperate battles of Chillianwallah and Goojerat. He was twice mentioned in despatches, and received a brevet-majority and the Punjab medal with two clasps for his distinguished conduct in this campaign. He subsequently took part in several minor expeditions on the North-West frontier. In 1854 he was a brevet-lieutenant-colonel, in 1859 brevet-colonel, and in 1867 major-general. For five years, from 1867 to 1872, he held the appointment of Inspector-General of Artillery in India, and when he returned to England in 1877, having completed fifty years service, he became General, and was nominated Companion of the Bath. General Huyshe married, in 1836, a daughter of the Rev. George Hagar. His widow and five sons survive him.

COMMANDER JOHN BRUCE, R.N., who was a son of the late John Wyndham Bruce, and a nephew of Lord Aberdare, entered the Navy as a cadet in 1852, and after serving for some time on board the *Meander* at the Cape of Good Hope, was on the outbreak of the Crimean War transferred to the *Algiers*, in which ship he went first to the Baltic, and afterwards to the Black Sea, being present at the taking of Bomarsund, Kertch, and Yenikali, and the fall of Sebastopol. He was subsequently promoted, and served successively in different ships at home and on foreign stations, his last employment abroad being the blockade of the Perak River after the murder of Mr. Birch, the British resident. The *Fly*, which he then commanded, was paid off in 1878, and last December Commander Bruce was appointed Inspecting Commander of the Berwick Division of the Coast Guard. He met his death by drowning in May last whilst engaged on a tour of inspection on the Northumbrian coast, his body, the overturned boat in which he had attempted to reach Holy Island, being subsequently found upon the beach. Commander Bruce, who had the Baltic Medal, the Crimean and Turkish Medal, with the Sebastopol clasp, and the China Medal, was married in 1871 to a daughter of the Rev. George Boyes, who is left a widow with four children.

Our portraits are from photographs: Mr. Tom Taylor, by Asplett and Green, 18½ Beresford Street, Jersey; General Huyshe, by Hay, 191, Regent Street; and Commander Bruce, by J. E. Palmer, 11, George Street, Plymouth.

H.M.S. "INVINCIBLE" TOWING A DERELICT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

"IT is not often," writes the naval officer to whom we are indebted for this sketch, "that it falls to the lot of the Mediterranean Fleet to take a prize of any description, nor do officers, as a rule, expect to grow wealthy off prize money on this station. But on August 4th, as the squadron, consisting of the *Alexandra*, the *Téméraire*, *Monarch*, *Thunderer*, *Invincible*, and *Rupert* were making the best of their way to Palermo from Hyères a ship in distress was descried some ten miles off which appeared to be labouring in the rather heavy swell which was then prevailing. The *Invincible* was detached to render assistance, and on coming up with her found her abandoned, though her hull was in very good condition, and not leaking much. The top-gallant masts, however, were all carried away. The vessel was an Italian barque named *Giorgio Boscorich*. Her cargo consists of arms and shot, and the whole is expected to fetch a very fair price. As there was no one on board, the vessel and cargo will be sold, and the whole of the proceeds divided in proportion amongst the officers and men of the Squadron. Our respective shares of the prize money will be published probably some months hence, and will then most likely be a few pence each. Would not it be better, therefore, to give the whole say to the 'Atalanta Fund,' or to some other charitable and useful society?"

MR. LEPEL GRIFFIN

MR. LEPEL HENRY GRIFFIN, C.S.I., of the Bengal Civil Service, is one of the earlier "competition wallahs," so many of whom have earned distinction in India. He entered the service in 1860, and in 1865 published a work on the "Punjab Chiefs," by which he at once made his mark, and secured his rapid official advancement. He had been for many years Secretary to the Punjab Government, when, on Sir Louis Cavagnari's assassination last August, he was nominated Chief Political Officer in Afghanistan, an appointment for which his intimate knowledge of the Afghans and his great energy and determination of character admirably fitted him. He has shown the highest political qualities in the discharge of his very difficult duties at Cabul during the past year, and if the arrangements he has made for securing the friendship of Abdurrahman Khan, and on the strength of which we have been able to withdraw our forces from Afghanistan, prove to be enduring, he will deserve the lasting gratitude of his countrymen, and the highest honours which can be conferred upon him. He has always taken the liveliest interest in everything tending to promote the industrial and social welfare of the people of the Punjab, among whom his name is familiar as a household word. He is particularly popular with the Mahomedans, which no doubt has tended to make his presence all the more acceptable at Cabul. He recently, as Secretary to the Punjab Government, published an elaborate defence of the Lahore gaol carpets against the attacks made on them in connection with the Paris Exhibition of 1878.—Our engraving, which represents Mr. Griffin and his political staff, is from a photograph by Mr. John Burke.

NOTES FROM AUSTRALIA

FOR these sketches the very briefest description must suffice. The first represents the descent of our artist down the shaft of the "Kohinoor" Gold Mine at Ballarat. He is dressed in a complete suit of miner's clothing on account of the water below, and the cage in which he is lowered is a "safety" one, so constructed that in the event of the rope breaking it would remain self-suspended in the shaft until assistance could be rendered. The shaft itself is lined with wooden planking, while the cage is entirely of iron. No. 2 is a view of the building at the mouth of this mine. Nos. 3, 4, and 5 are horse-breaking incidents at the Police Barracks, Melbourne. The horses are brought in wild, never having had a saddle upon them, and the roughriders to whom their education is confided usually hand them over perfectly docile after the lapse of two or at most three weeks. No. 6 is a portrait of one of the troopers who bears the reputation of being the best rough-rider in the Colonies. It is said that the horses broken by him have never been known to "buck" again. No. 7 is a sketch of a monument erected at Mansfield by the inhabitants of Victoria and New South Wales to the memory of three police constables, all Irishmen, who in October, 1878, were murdered by the "Kelly gang" of bushrangers, whom they were endeavouring to capture, and who since then have continued their lawless life to the great terror of the colonists until a few weeks ago when their leader, Kelly, was taken at a place called Glenrowan, after a most determined resistance, during which several of his followers were shot dead.



MR. GLADSTONE is steadily recovering his health. On Saturday he had so far recovered as to be able to pay a short visit to Downing Street. He was not, however, present at the Cabinet Council, which was held during his stay in town, and the fatigue of the railway journey to Holmbury left him very weak for a time. It is said that he will shortly take a sea trip, probably to Madeira.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.—Very serious rioting is reported from many places in Ireland, especially in the north. On Saturday (the Feast of the Assumption) at Dunganannon there was a procession, followed by a fight between the Protestant and Catholic factions. When the police interfered they were fired on, and firing in return killed one man and wounded several others. The windows of the Earl of Ranfurly and a number of other residents were smashed. There was also rioting at Downpatrick, while at Belfast there was great excitement, and the troops were kept under arms. At Springfield a public-house was wrecked, and the police were severely beaten in their endeavour to drive back the mob; while at

Portadown and other places there have been similar disturbances.—A great number of land meetings have been held, the most noticeable being that in Kildare, on Sunday, where Mr. Dillon, M.P., made a speech, which Mr. Forster has since characterised as wicked and cowardly. He told his hearers that they should march like soldiers, threatened that if the landlords continued their resistance the Land League would give out the word to the people to strike against rent entirely, and with 300,000 Irishmen enrolled as members all the armies in England would not levy rent there.—At another meeting near Kylesmore Mr. Louden, who was the chief speaker, counselled his hearers not to attack the police or to shoot landlords, but to avoid men who took farms from which tenants had been evicted "as if they had the small-pox," and let them and their landlords "starve and die." At this, as well as at other meetings, resolutions were adopted recording "a verdict of guilty" against the House of Lords, and condemning the Irish members who have refused to follow Mr. Parnell.—At another Land League meeting the recent robbery of arms at Cork was discussed, and a resolution passed declaring that it must have been effected by some one in the secret pay of the Government. Mr. Sullivan, however, opposed the resolution, and defended the perpetrators for improving their country as the Land League were. Amongst other disquieting items of news from the Sister Isle is the rumour of a frustrated attempt to blow up the military barracks at Cork, two large barrels of gunpowder, it was stated, having been found in a railway tunnel which ran immediately beneath the building. This statement, however, has since been declared to be entirely without foundation. A number of threatening letters and notices from "Rory of the Hills" are also reported. Irish Home Rule and "Lady Day" demonstrations and riots have also taken place at Glasgow, where the police were badly maltreated by the mob.

ELECTIONEERING PERSONALITIES.—A somewhat lengthy correspondence has taken place between the Earl of Dalhousie (Lord Ramsay) and Lord Claude Hamilton, M.P., with reference to a statement made by the latter to the effect that the former was a Conservative up to the time of his appearance at Liverpool as a candidate. The Earl of Dalhousie points out that this was a mistake, and Lord Claud accordingly expresses his regret for having misrepresented his political career.—The Duke of Westminster and Mr. MacIver, M.P., have also been writing to each other, His Grace complaining that the hon. member had in a recent speech spoken of Chester as a "pocket" borough, and that he had "overshot the mark" at the late election. Mr. MacIver's explanation is that he was misinterpreted by a local paper. What he said was that Chester, not the Duke, "had overshot the mark," and though he did use the term "pocket borough," he had no idea of imputing bribery or undue influence to His Grace.

SIR CHARLES DILKE, M.P., Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is suffering from a severe attack of rheumatic gout, but happily there are no dangerous symptoms.

THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION continued their meeting at Cambridge on Thursday last week, when Mr. T. Holmes, surgeon of St. George's Hospital, delivered the address on surgery, in the course of which he commented in strong terms upon the evils of the out-patient system in our hospitals, showing how that system, under which in many cases only a cursory examination was possible, led to diseases being neglected in the initial stages, and thus made inveterate, and often fatal. The Gold Medal of the Association voted to Dr. Farr for his long, unwearied, and successful labours on behalf of statistical and sanitary science, was received for him by Dr. Acland of Oxford, Dr. Farr himself being too ill to attend. After this various sectional meetings were held, and in the evening the annual dinner was given in the hall of Trinity College, Professor Humphrey presiding. On Friday the meetings were resumed and concluded, the address on Physiology being given by Dr. Michael Foster, Professor of Physiology in Trinity College, who spoke upon the unnecessary subjects pressed upon the students in medical examinations to the exclusion of practical subjects; his views being supported by Dr. A. Wood, of Edinburgh, who thought that students were now over-educated in the sense of being taught in detail many things which were of no practical value, and by Dr. Acland, who declared that the address "ought to be printed in letters of gold."

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, K.G., died on Saturday last at Tunbridge Wells, at the great age of ninety-one. He was a member of the illustrious Canning family, and entered the diplomatic service through the influence of his cousin George Canning. He was sent on various important missions, and was ultimately appointed Ambassador at Constantinople, which post he held under several Ministries of opposite politics for a period of twenty years, during which time he exercised an almost unparalleled influence over the Turkish Government. His lordship, who was elevated to the peerage in 1852, was twice married, and had three daughters but only one son, who died in 1878, so that the title becomes extinct. A vacancy in the Order of the Garter is also created by his death. We published a portrait of the late peer in our issue for April 29, 1876, Vol. XIII., page 420.

THE BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION opened its thirty-seventh meeting on Monday at Devizes, where they were welcomed by the Mayor and Recorder. They visited the Castle and various other places of interest during the day; and in the evening Earl Nelson, the President, delivered his inaugural address at the Town Hall, and afterwards presided at a public dinner.

THE RECENT COLLISION OFF FOLKESTONE.—The Board of Trade inquiry into the loss of the *Hydaspes* was concluded on Friday last. The Court found that the pilot of the *Centurion* was to blame for not having ported the helm when he heard the whistle of the other vessel, and the captain of the *Hydaspes* for not having shortened his tow-rope (73 fathoms) when the fog came on. The blame, however, was so slight in both cases that their certificates would not be suspended.

THE SHEPPERTON COLLISION.—The coroner's inquest on the four persons who were drowned at Shepperton about three weeks since has resulted in a verdict to the effect that the collision was due to a misunderstanding on the part of those in charge of each boat, and that these misunderstandings arose from the defective bye-laws regulating the traffic of the river.

BOATING AND BATHING ACCIDENTS have been reported this week in more than ordinary numbers, even for this season of the year. On Thursday last week a floating bath on the Severn, at Bridgenorth, suddenly upset, and sank while some thirty ladies were bathing therein. Fortunately they reached the bank in safety, though they lost all their clothing. On Friday the Rev. H. Wright, Prebendary of St. Paul's, was drowned while bathing in Coniston Lake, Cumberland; and on the same day a like fate befell two lads at Hull, another at Newcastle, a fourth at Rotherhithe, and a fifth at Widemouth Beach, near Bude; whilst at Ballacuish two women were drowned in the bay, their companion who tried to rescue them having a narrow escape; on Saturday one boy was drowned at South Shields and another at Brighton; whilst on Sunday at Ramsgate, Mr. Clinton, a gentleman connected with the editorial staff of the *Record*, died suddenly after bathing, from the bursting of an artery. Another fatality is reported from Blackrock (Ireland), where a youth of nineteen, who was taking part in a diving competition, remained under water over three minutes, and when brought up was found to have died from heart disease. On Tuesday two gentlemen were drowned off Hastings by the upsetting of a pleasure-boat caught in a squall.

THE NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—Commander Cheyne announces that the London Central Arctic Committee, not having met with the public sympathy which they expected, have decided to abandon the triple balloon scheme, and to make a new appeal on the old plan of Arctic travelling, supplemented only by the use of exploring balloons as used for military purposes.

THE PEAK DISTRICT IN DERBYSHIRE is now being surveyed with the view of carrying thither a branch line of railway in connection with the Midland system, which it will join at Dore.

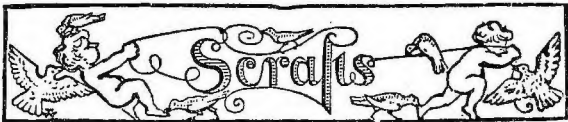
AN EXTRAORDINARY FLOOD is reported to have occurred at a place called Derrybeg, in Ireland, on Sunday last. It is ascribed to the bursting of a waterspout over the valley. The torrent swept suddenly down the glen, flooding the cottages, and sweeping through the little church, where the priests and people were engaged in Divine Service, with such force that several of the congregation were carried away and drowned. Four bodies were recovered, and eleven others are missing.



AN Irish romantic drama called *The Eviction*, lately played at the NATIONAL STANDARD Theatre, and now transferred to the OLYMPIC, is not, as might perhaps be inferred from its title, a hasty effort to take advantage of the excitement caused by recent measures in Parliament. Mr. O'Grady's piece was indeed written before the present Parliament was in existence, and has been performed for some time past in various provincial towns. It is a play of a somewhat old-fashioned stamp, but is rather superior to the average of the class to which it belongs. Its story concerns the sorrows and misfortunes of a young Irish farmer, who is turned out of the household which his family have held for ages by the action of a landlord who is endowed with the disagreeable name, or rather title, of Hardman. Lord Hardman, however, is not the direct cause of this catastrophe. He is embarrassed, and compelled to borrow money; and it is owing to the machination of a villainous bailiff named Rooney that his lordship is induced to put it in the power of the mortgagee to evict the worthy hero. Rooney's motive is jealousy and vengeance, for he loves the woman who prefers the tenant-farmer. Not content with this, the atrocious bailiff tempts his victim to attempt to assassinate his landlord. Of course there is a simple, light-hearted heroine, a kindly benevolent priest, a squire in love with the lord's daughter, and so forth; and we need hardly say that lofty sentiments are supplied in liberal measure. The play, however, despite its conventionalities, interests, and it comprises some scenes of a genuinely pathetic kind. The author, who plays the part of the hero, and Mrs. O'Grady, who appears as the heroine, are forcible representatives of Irish character; and other parts are well sustained by Mr. Lin Rayne and other performers. We may add that the scenery with which the piece is provided comprises some effective views of Irish localities.

At the ALHAMBRA Offenbach's latest opera, *La Fille du Tambour Major*, continues to be highly popular. There have been two changes in the principal rôles, Miss Emelie Petrelli replacing Miss Constance Loseby as Stella, the heroine of the piece, while Miss St. Quinten now plays the little drummer Griolet. As comparisons are proverbially disagreeable, we will only say that Miss Petrelli secured a deserved success in the duet of the second act, though her voice would be doubtless heard more to advantage on a smaller stage, while Miss St. Quinten is the very *beau-ideal* of a sprightly, mischievous little drummer-boy, and the persistence with which she makes love to a very tall *vivandière* is highly amusing.

MISS LILIAN ADELAIDE NEILSON died suddenly at Paris on Sunday last from dropsy of the heart. She was taken ill while driving in the Bois de Boulogne, and although two physicians were in immediate attendance upon her, she expired in a few hours. Miss Neilson, who was only thirty years old, was of Spanish descent, and made her *début* fifteen years ago at the Margate Theatre as Julia in *The Hunchback*. Rapidly rising in public favour, she had of late years acquired a great reputation for Shakespearian impersonations, amongst which were Juliet in *Romeo and Juliet*, Rosalind in *As You Like It*, and Isabella in *Measure for Measure*. At the time of her death she had but just returned from a successful professional tour in America. A portrait of her will be found in our issue for Nov. 18, 1871, Vol. IV., page 492.



M. LECOCQ is writing a new opéra-comique for the Paris Renaissance. It is entitled *Janot*, and the libretto is by MM. Meilhac and Halévy.

FROG SHOOTING is becoming quite a fashionable sport in France, and large numbers of cross-bows, especially manufactured for this purpose, are now sold in Paris.

SOME INTERESTING ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERIES have been made in the precincts of Rochester Cathedral, where, in carrying out some excavations, the workmen have come across what is believed to be the site of a Saxon cemetery, and have unearthed several human skulls and teeth, huge boars' tusks, and coins.

THE ENTIRE SKELETON OF AN ANTEDILUVIAN RHINOCEROS has been unearthed in the alluvial stratum of the Steigenthal by Herr Leo Baltzer, the well-known physiologist. The skeleton was in very good preservation, and shows that the animal must have been some seven feet in height, while his bulk must have equalled that of the elephant of the present day.

OUR AMERICAN COUSINS, having beaten the old country agriculturists in growing corn, are now looking for new worlds to conquer, and are experimenting in tea-producing. The result in Georgia are said to be highly successful, samples having been tasted by an expert in New York, and declared to be equal to the finest India tea, and very difficult to distinguish from the imported article. The more sanguine spirits across the Atlantic accordingly prophecy that in a few years the United States will be producing as much tea as may be needed for home consumption, at about one-third the present price.

AN EXHIBITION OF COMPETITIVE DESIGNS FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS is announced at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall. Fourteen prizes, amounting to 500*l.*, have been offered by Mr. Raphael Tuck, the Fine Art publisher, as follows: one prize of 100*l.*, one of 75*l.*, two of 50*l.*, five of 25*l.*, and five of 20*l.* The judges will be H. S. Marks, R.A., Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., and G. H. Boughton, A.R.A., and the successful designs will become the property of Mr. Tuck. Designs for competition should be sent to Mr. Robert McNair at the Dudley Gallery, on October 5.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,670 deaths were registered against 1,698 during the previous seven days, a decline of 28, being 64 above the average, and at the rate of 23.8 per 1,000. These deaths included 6 from small-pox (an increase of 4), 38 from

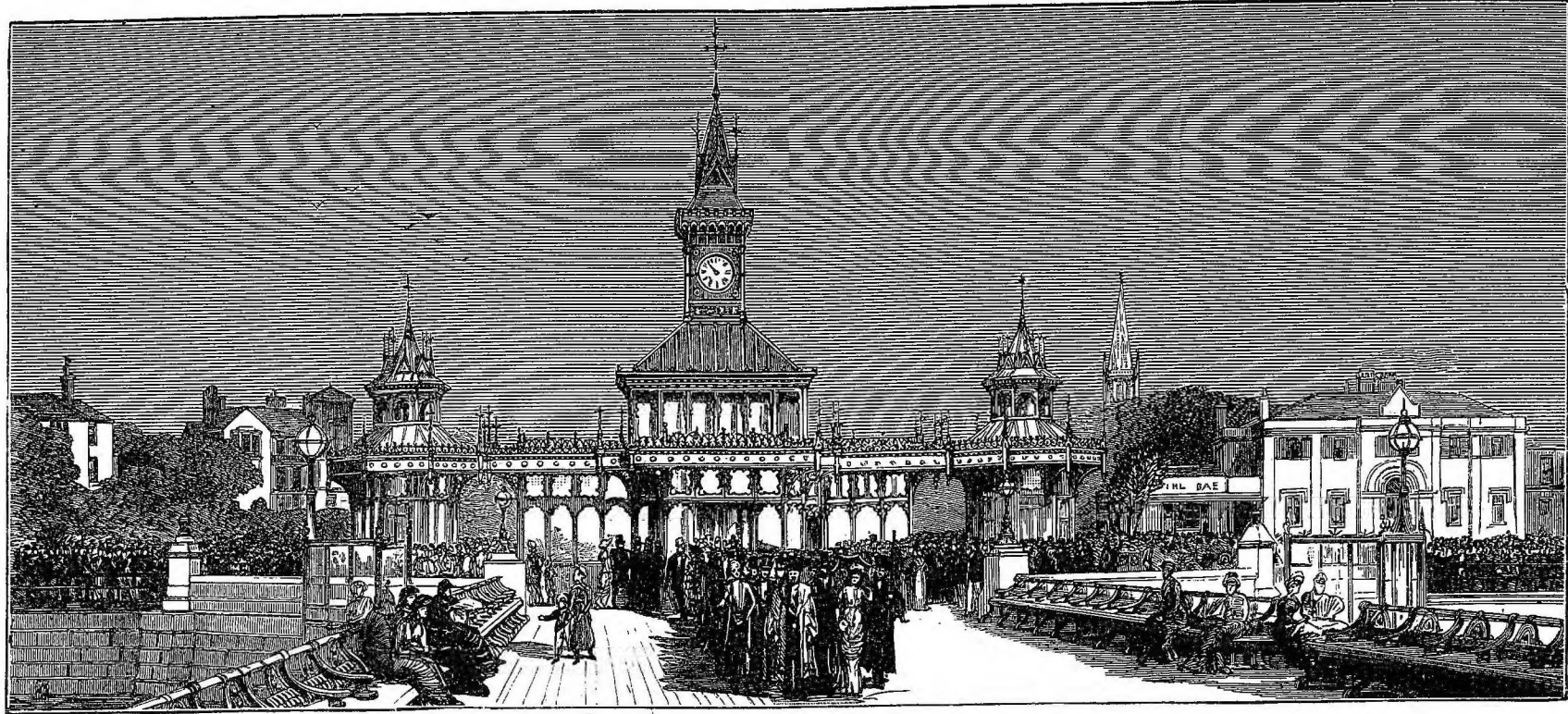
measles (an increase of 12), 58 from scarlet-fever (an increase of 8), 8 from diphtheria (a decline of 4), 32 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 1), 19 from different forms of fever, and 348 from diarrhoea (a decline of 19). There were 2,602 births registered against 2,270 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 214. The mean temperature was 63.8 deg., or 1.2 deg. above the average. The duration of registered bright sunshine was 39.8 hours, the sun being 103.6 hours above the horizon.

LIZARDS, PIGS, AND ELEPHANTS as articles of feminine adornment are destined, the *Parisian* tells us, to pass away into the obscurity where slumber in dusty oblivion full-bottomed wigs and crinolines. One of the leading Parisian jewellers is preparing to *lancer* a new ornament, in the shape of a green spider set with sapphires or emeralds. The difficulty will be, that while the spider is considered to be lucky in the evening he is an insect of ill-omen in the morning. If, then, the spider should become popular as an ornament, it may possibly effect a wholesome revolution in our manners and customs, and ladies will be careful not to remain at a ball latter than midnight, the reason being that the same spider which brings good fortune at five minutes before midnight brings ill fortune at five minutes after the "witching hour."

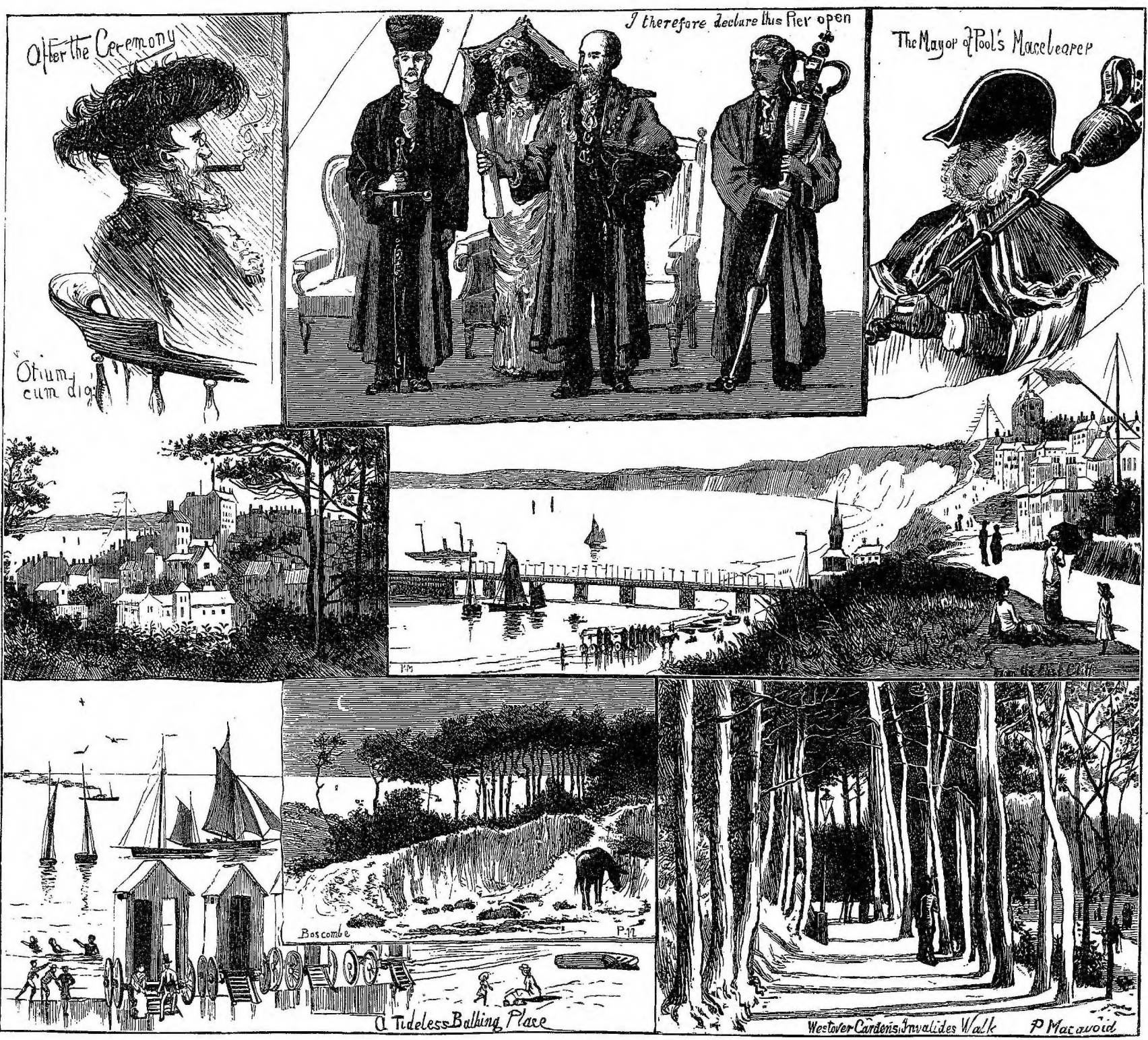
THE GOAT AS A SOURCE OF MILK AND MEAT SUPPLY has long been too much neglected in England, and we are glad to see that a revulsion of feeling is taking place in its favour. A British Goat Society has been formed under the presidency of the Earl of Rosslyn, and the patronage of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, the Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Shaftesbury being the vice-presidents. At a recent meeting of the society the Hon. Secretary, Mr. H. S. Holmes Pegler, made a few very sensible remarks on the question. He said it was a well-established fact in rural districts that the families of the poor rarely tasted other than "skim" milk, in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining the pure article, which was either sent wholesale to London, or utilised at once in butter or cheese making. On the Continent and in Ireland the goat was regarded as the poor man's cow. The Society claimed that the goat was especially adapted for such a purpose. It supplied just milk enough for the ample requirements of an ordinary household during the greater part of the year, and as it ate almost every kind of herb and vegetable, and possessed a hardy constitution, it was kept with very little trouble and almost nominal expense. The Society have resolved to give a Kid Dinner at the Agricultural Hall during the forthcoming Dairy Show, at which the dishes will consist solely of the flesh of the kid dressed in various ways.

WILLIAM TELL'S CHAPEL, near Flüelen, on the Lake of the Four Cantons, which we recently illustrated, is now being rebuilt, and the mural paintings are being restored apace. The artist to whom, at the instance of the Swiss Society of Fine Arts, the work has been intrusted is Herr Ernst Stückelberg, of Basel. Four scenes will be painted on three of the walls. On the wall looking towards Brunnen will be depicted the "Apfelschuss"—Tell shooting the apple on his son's head; on that looking towards Flüelen, the "Rüttelschwur"—the oath of the three Switzers in the Rüttli meadow. The middle wall, looking towards Bauen, will contain two scenes—the "Tellensprung" Tell leaping from Gesler's boat on to the "Platte," and the "Meisterschuss," the shooting of the Austrian Vogt in the "hollow lane." The primitive cantons have placed at his disposal their oldest paintings, and he has the assistance of the most learned historians and antiquarians of the Confederation. The apple-shooting scene will show Altdorf as it was in the beginning of the fourteenth century. Its walls, its towers, and its "bann" wood will be faithfully reproduced, and the picture will possess a special interest in that, while the costumes will be the costumes of the period, the figures will be portraits of men now living. Gesler and his "Rothschimmel" (iron-gray charger) will be painted from life, and the model for Tell is a handsome and stalwart peasant of the commune of Bürglen, in the Schächenthal. The grouping will for the most part be after the description in Schiller's play; but the artist has made also a special study of the sources from which the poet obtained his most valuable suggestions—the works of Johannes Müller and Ægidius Tschudi.

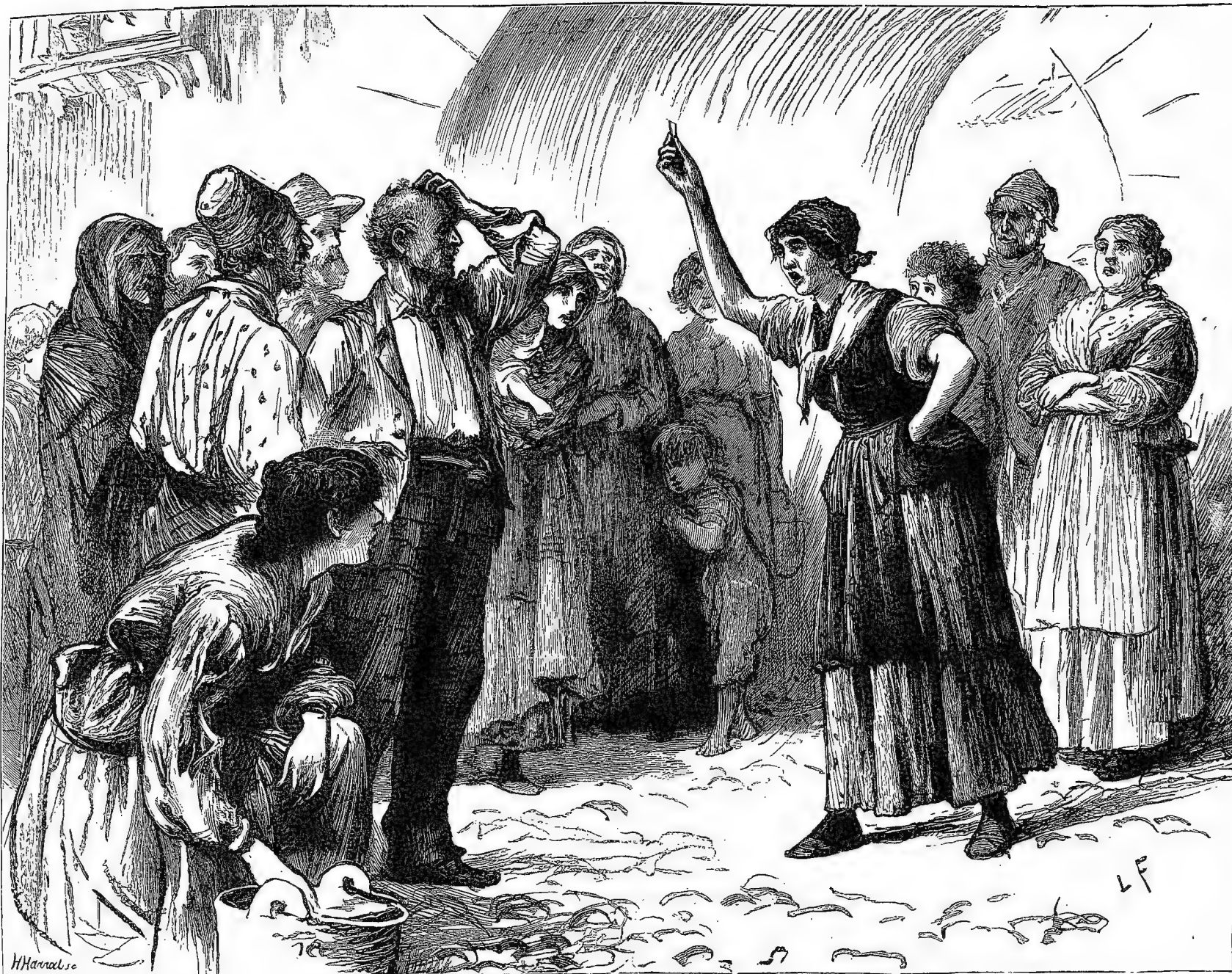
OVERCROWDED VEHICLES.—At this season of the year, when all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children unanimously determine to live as much as possible in the open air, it is hardly surprising that complaints should be made of the overcrowding of public conveyances by land and water. This is especially the case on Saturday afternoons and Bank Holidays, when by road, river, and rail the great metropolis seems to empty itself into the suburbs, thousands upon thousands of City workers of all classes streaming outwards in every direction as soon as they are liberated from desk, counter, warehouse, or workshop, and at night coming homeward in crowds as dense, if not quite so good-humoured and well-behaved. If we watch the street traffic alone, our sympathy would most probably be confined to the poor overworked horses attached to cabs, carts, and other conveyances heavily laden with thoughtless or inhuman men and women, for very much of this kind of thing is still practised, despite the vigilance of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals. Tramcars and omnibuses are apparently more closely watched, for though to an ordinary observer cases of overcrowding in them are not by any means so frequent as in some other vehicles—cabs, for instance—fines and convictions for this offence are certainly more often recorded against conductors than against cabdrivers. One reason of this may possibly be that in the case of an overloaded cab there is, of course, no "aggrieved" passenger to set the law in motion, but this consideration would, we fear, be sorry comfort to the ill-used animal in the shafts. When, however, we leave the streets for the railway, cruelty to draught-animals at once drops out of the question. The iron-horse, whose food is fire, and whose breath is steam, cannot feel weary, and while tubes, bearings, boiler-plates and rivets hold he will do any amount of work up to a certain point without a pang, though at times he blows and snorts as if in mortal agony. If the carriages could only be made elastic there would be nothing to complain of on the score of over-crowding; but, as it is, there is much. On many lines "first," "second," and "third" class carriages seem only to be used to enable the companies to extort different rates of hire from too-confiding travellers, for the distinction between them is habitually ignored by the officials, and the payment of the highest fare does not in any degree ensure you the society of persons who pay at the same rate, or prevent the intrusion of more passengers than the companies ostentatiously declare the carriage is constructed to hold. We are aware that this condition of things is difficult to remedy, it being very justly urged that the companies cannot always foresee whether the demand for seats in a particular train will be great or little. Something however might, we think, on some lines, be done by increasing the number of second and third-class carriages, and decreasing that of the first. Overcrowding on railways and on ordinary roads is, however, not nearly so great an evil as overcrowding on river steamboats, the one being merely a source of inconvenience and discomfort, whilst the other is absolutely perilous to life. Only the other day the captain of a Thames steamboat was fined for carrying forty-five passengers in excess of the number allowed. From personal observation we are able to say that this practice is far too frequent. The cheap boats which run between the City and Chelsea are more often than not packed so closely that not even standing room is left; and on a fine warm day the danger is increased, as then only a very few go down in the cabins, and the vessel, besides being overloaded, is therefore topheavy, and in imminent danger of "turning turtle." The river authorities should look more sharply after these steamers.



THE PAVILION FROM THE PIER



OPENING OF THE NEW PIER AT BOURNEMOUTH BY THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.

One of the women snatched something from between the stones, and held it on high for all to see.

LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.

CHAPTER LII.

LANCELOT'S LETTERS

THE new Lord of Brackenbury soon discovered that he had under-estimated rather than over-estimated the amount of work awaiting his return. It may readily be conceived how dry, disagreeable and fatiguing much of that work could not fail to be. Perpetual consultations with Mr. Marrables; frequent journeyings to and fro between Brackenbury, Singleton, Stoke, and Leek; questions of drainage, of repairs, of manorial rights and privileges; difficulties with the Iron Company, difficulties with the tenant-farmers, and difficulties with the "dark-folk" and the gamekeepers; these, and a hundred-and-one similar anxieties and worries, consumed his days and well nigh exhausted his patience. Then, in the evenings there were letters to be read and answered, drafts of deeds to be revised; plans and estimates to be considered, and the like; to say nothing of a long correspondence with the Bishop of the diocese in regard of the new church and living, or of the time and trouble necessarily devoted to the buildings for the colony on the moor.

Meanwhile, his gun rusted; his colours dried in their tubes; all hope of contributing to the *Salon* was given up; and "Divine Philosophy" not only went to the wall, but remained with her face towards it, unturned, unlooked at, almost forgotten. For Art, the new lord of Brackenbury had now no leisure; for society and for sport, no inclination. In vain his neighbours invited him to dinners, shooting-parties, and hunt-breakfasts; in vain was he pressed to become a steward at the County Ball, and to accept the Vice-President's chair at the annual Conservative dinner. To one and all he returned the same courteous, but decided negative.

"What these good people do not understand," he wrote about this time, in one of his many letters to Miss Savage, "is that I am in truth not only much too busy for entertainments of the kind, but that I very strongly feel it my duty to hold myself aloof just now from gaieties and public meetings. For, in assuming my dearest Cuthbert's name and place, I virtually, and for the first time, accept the fact of his disappearance in proof of his decease, and it seems to me that, so accepting it, I am almost as much bound to observe the usages of mourning as if I had just received authentic intelligence of his death. Anyhow, I take it that, if even I were not so overwhelmed with business cares, the present is not a time for feasting and making merry.

"I have been obliged to go to Brackenbury Court several times of late; and there everything reminds me of him painfully. Last week the shutters were unclosed, and the ground-floor rooms thrown open for the first time these four years. I went over them with Mrs.

Jennings, and decided on a thorough renovation of the drawing-room and ball-room suites. I also fixed upon a charming little boudoir for you, and made up my mind as to the rooms we will ourselves occupy. It was very sad going into the library, and finding everything just as he had left it. In his desk lay the very pen he had last used, with the ink dry on it; and between the sheets of his blotting book I found a paper covered with jottings for his journey—names of hotels at which he meant to put up, and the dates at which letters should be posted in England to catch the Thursday boats from Marseilles. These memoranda were designed, no doubt, for your instruction and mine.

"I knew he was exceedingly methodical, but I was scarcely prepared to find his papers in such wonderful order. The drawers of his writing table were full of packets of letters—yours, mine, my father's, and a few from my beloved mother—all tied up, docketed, and dated. There is nothing in this world so sad, to my thinking, as old letters; but what a climax of mournfulness is reached when, like some of these, they are from the dead to the dead! I have, of course, preserved those written by my parents. Yours are put aside, to be returned to you or destroyed, as you may prefer. My own—some of them in roundhand, written when I was quite a little chap, others from school at Lausanne, and so on up to the beginning of last year—I at once consigned to the fire. I was greatly affected to find that the dear fellow had kept, as I verily believe, every scrawl I ever sent him."

Writing soon after, in a somewhat lighter strain, he said:—"I live in a whirl of work, and thank my stars daily that it has graciously pleased Her Majesty again to prorogue the Houses; so giving me time to push through some of my business before rushing up to town. It seems that I am doomed to move the Address to the Throne; this being a duty generally imposed, by way of compliment, upon a peer who takes his seat for the first time. I would fain have evaded the honour; but an old friend of my father's, the Duke of Saxmundham, who seems to have taken upon himself to play Mentor to my Telemachus, will have it so; and I can't escape the ordeal."

Then, about a fortnight later, came some account of his *début*. "I got back last night from London, having been a good boy, and done all that was required of me. The old Duke patted me on the back, and said that I acquitted myself very well, indeed; but for my own part, I believe that I delivered my half-dozen sentences about as badly as possible. And no wonder; for not only was I horribly nervous, but I was at the same time keenly alive to the absurdity of my position. Imagine having to entreat the House to extend to me that indulgence which it invariably accords to noble

lords on similar occasions! Imagine standing up and calling one's self a 'noble lord!' I never felt so like a fool in my life; nor, I suspect, looked so much like one, either.

"The Queen read her Speech, as she always does read it, very beautifully. Her voice is singularly sweet, and her enunciation perfect. I suppose it will interest you to hear that she wore the Koh-i-noor in the front of her dress. I suppose it is very splendid; but to my ignorant eyes it looked no better than a cut-glass decanter-stopper. The Prince is getting bald; and I thought he looked pale and care-worn."

Writing to her three or four times in every week, he of course interlarded his letters with numerous details of his own daily doings; with scraps of local news; and with large quantities of such tender "padding" as befitted the circumstances of the correspondence. Treated summarily, the scant local news of a dozen weeks would barely fill a dozen sentences. He had been over to The Grange, seen her dogs and her pigeons, and distributed the gifts with which she had entrusted him. Bridget was delighted with her workbox, and Joan with her apron; the former felt her rheumatism this winter somewhat more severely than usual. Reuben evidently thought the beer-mug too good to drink out of, and was so overwhelmed that he could not even express his gratitude. The cob had had a swollen hock, and been successfully doctored by a new farrier from Knypersley. The old folk in the drift-cottages were all well, and desired their duty. Lettice Leigh's little boy was going to school quite regularly, and making rapid progress. Joan was engaged to George, Miss Brocklehurst's groom, who had lately set up for himself as a blacksmith at Danebridge; and the largest of the big walnut-trees in the meadow fronting The Grange had been blown down one stormy night shortly after Christmas. The same rough weather had torn half the tiles off the roof of the little barn, and damaged one of the beautiful old chimney-stacks at the N.E. corner of the quadrangle. Lancelot had at once despatched his own builder to repair the damage, and had desired that worthy to draw up a list of such repairs as were immediately necessary at The Grange.

The parish news was as meagre as the home-chronicle. The Rector and Mrs. Caldicott were off to town for a fortnight "on law business;" which, according to Mrs. Pennfeather, meant to see the Pantomimes. The Pennfeathers themselves were much as usual; the curate's headaches being somewhat less persistent than last year. Mrs. Pennfeather desired him (Lancelot) to give her love, and to say that "The Ghostly Cat" had made such a decided hit, that the Editor of *Gog and Magog* had actually invited her to write a serial story, and upon such terms as she had never before been offered. For this success, she declared, she was entirely

Winifred's debtor. Mr. Fink and Countess Castelrosso were wintering on the Nile, and coming home by way of Palmyra and Damascus. It was thought they would be absent for six months. Lady Symes had gone to Torquay, having dispensed her usual Christmas bounties, and sent Mr. Caldicott a cheque for 25*l.* for the poor of his parish. Miss Langtreys's monument, meanwhile, was now completed according to a design which Winifred had approved. It consisted of an upright foliated cross of grey polished granite, with an enclosed space in front; the whole surrounded by a Gothic railing. The "space" had already been planted with white and purple hyacinths. He promised to send a sketch of it, as soon as he should have time to go over there again.

Then came the news that Cochrane had arrived at Old Court in the time-honoured character of "the Conservative Candidate." Not, of course, that there was any other candidate. Such an event as a contested election was unknown in the patriarchal little borough of Singleton, where, from time immemorial the worthy electors had been wont to receive his Lordship's nominee as unquestioningly as they ate his roast beef and plum-pudding at the annual tenants' dinner. "We canvassed on Tuesday," wrote Lancelot; "that is to say we called on half-a-dozen people, invited them to luncheon at 'The Three Feathers,' and got home an hour before dinner. To-day we elected him; which means that three or four shopkeepers talked bad grammar for half-an-hour, and the thing was done. He seems vastly pleased, and has visions of Governmental loaves and fishes. At all events he can 'write himself down an ass'—I beg his pardon; I mean an M.P."

At the spring advanced, his letters became more and more taken up with the work which was being done on the moor. The ground was marked out within a fortnight of his return from Munich; and on the last day of January, he himself laid the first stone of the new church. After this, an army of workmen being put on, and the weather continuing exceptionally dry and favourable, the building made rapid progress. By the middle of March, he was able to report that the walls and roofing-timbers were already up; also that the foundations of the schoolhouse and vicarage were laid, and that the cottages were ready for the tiler.

Mr. Pennfeather had by this time been made aware of the good fortune in store for him, and he had sent in his resignation of the curacy.

"I think they are very happy in their new prospects," wrote Lancelot. "The way they received the offer was characteristic of both. Having an appointment with Marrables, I rode round by way of the Hermitage. They had just dined, and the things were still on the table. He was standing before the fire, looking gaunt and careworn, with something in his hand which I am sure was a bill. The baby was sprawling about on an old shawl spread upon the floor. Mrs. Pennfeather was scribbling away at that little davenport by the window—doing, what do you suppose? Writing a sermon from dictation! She said she often did so 'to spare Derwent's eyes.' Her own, poor little woman! looked as if they wanted rest at least as much as his. Indeed, I think she had been crying. I stated my business as briefly, and in as matter-of-fact a style, as possible. 'They will be a rough lot of parishioners,' I said; 'and it will be a horribly dull hole for any person to pitch his tent in; but the living is at your service, Mr. Pennfeather, if you care to accept it.' He listened with his eyes fixed on the floor, and continued silent when I had done speaking. I saw the colour rush up into Mrs. Pennfeather's face. She looked at him, and clasped her hands nervously. Inconceivable as it seemed, I saw at once that she was afraid he would decline. Finding he did not answer, I spoke again. 'There will, at all events, be no lack of work on the moor,' I said; 'and I know you are not afraid of work, Mr. Pennfeather.' Then he spoke. 'It is a great work,' he said; 'but it will demand a special gift of persuasion. I question if I am worthy of the mission.' To this I replied that I knew no one so worthy; and then, taking his acceptance for granted, I went on to speak about the dark-folk, and the trouble I feared they would give him. 'The living,' I said, 'will be worth 500*l.* a year, besides thirteen acres of glebe. But you know what poor stuff the land is up there; too much like the people, I fear—more prone to tares than wheat.' 'The tares must be rooted up and cast into the fire!' he said with energy. Then, dropping his voice, he added, as if to himself:—'But if a blessing goes with the good seed, it will grow—it will grow.' I vow to Heaven, Winifred, I looked at the man with envy. Lifted in one moment out of grinding poverty into comparative affluence, he yet thought neither of money, nor house, nor land; but only of the task to be done, and the souls to be saved! But his words showed, at all events, that he accepted the duty; and that was enough. Mrs. Pennfeather, meanwhile, had taken her baby in her arms, and was kissing it and crying over it, quite quietly, by the window. As for myself, I had a lump in my throat that almost choked me. However, I blurted out something about being in an awful hurry and glad it was settled; and then I just squeezed his hand, and—bolted! I have seen a good deal of him since then, for we have many things to talk over and arrange; and the more I see of him, the better I like him. A more earnest, simple-minded, loveable fellow never breathed."

It will be gathered from the foregoing extracts that Lancelot was busy enough in these days; and that if his work was heavy and his worries were many, he at all events enjoyed the exquisite happiness of making others happy.

CHAPTER LIII.

WHERE WAS 'TONIO MORETTI'?

BLOOD!

The boy belonging to the Trattoria, who came every morning to clean and sweep up, and old Anita, who at this season of the year was at her post as soon as it was full daylight, were first to give the alarm. Then came Maria the serving-maid, and Giuseppe the cook, quickly followed by the landlord and his family. And then, scrambling out of their beds, flinging open their windows, screaming shrill questions to those below, the lodgers, in various stages of undress, came scurrying down, almost tumbling over each other, and crowding to the gateway.

Blood!

Whose blood? How shed? When, and by whom? What had happened under that dark arch in the dead of night, when the dwellers in the Osteria del Cappello were asleep in their beds? Questions which all asked and none could answer! If murder had been done, it had been done so swiftly and silently, that not a sound, not a cry, had jarred upon the stillness of the night.

Stefano Beni, waking to the shrill clamour, did as the rest—ran to the window; saw that something unusual had happened; flung on his clothes, and hurried down.

"What is it all about? What is the matter?" he asked, first of one, then of another.

"Murder is the matter!"

"There has been an assassination under the archway!"

"There's blood on the stones!"

"Blood that's not yet dry!"

He pushed his way through the crowd, and there, in truth, just midway of the gateway, lay an ominous crimson pool, connected by a trail with another and a smaller pool close against the street-kerb.

"'Tis blood, sure enough," said the wheelwright; "but I don't see why it need mean murder. I bled as much from the nose, one hot day last summer."

There was an outcry of dissent. A murder it was, and a murder it should be! They were not going to be defrauded of their tragedy in that way.

Darting forward with a sudden cry, one of the women stooped, snatch'd something from between the stones, and held it on high for all to see.

"*Dio!* see here, neighbour Stefano! Was your bleeding brought on by such a thing as this?"

It was a broken knife-blade about two inches and a half in length, and three-quarters of an inch in breadth.

The wheelwright looked grave, as well he might; and the babble of tongues, checked for one second, broke out shriller than before.

"It looks as if it might have been six inches long before it was snapped across," said the landlord, turning it this way and that.

"It is a dagger—it cuts both ways!" cried the woman who had picked it up.

Stefano Beni put on his glasses.

"It is not a dagger," he said. "It is a knife-blade, newly-ground to a double edge."

"Ground for the purpose!" said the landlord, solemnly shaking his head.

And then again the women shrieked that it was a murder—an assassination—a vendetta!

"But there is no blood on it," said Stefano Beni, drily.

It was true. There was no blood on it—not a smear; not a speck!

The thing seemed almost incredible. Here was the broken weapon of the assassin—yonder, the blood of the victim. How, then, could the blade be unstained?

"*Che! che! che!*" said the wheelwright, contemptuously. "Murders are not committed in this way; and murdered men don't generally walk away, to save folk the trouble of burying them! A drunken scuffle, a broken knife, a cut finger, may be—and there's your murder!"

The landlord put on his judicial air.

"There's more blood here than ever came of a cut finger," he said. "But can't you do better than to stand staring and guessing? Where is the handle and the rest of the blade? Find that, and we should perhaps get a clue to the mystery. But there! it's no good attempting to search, unless you all clear out of the gateway! Stand back, Monna Teresa—stand back, Guiseppe! By your leave, dame Gianetta! Come into the courtyard, good friends, or go out into the street, as you like best! Now, 'Lina Pezzi, since your eyes are so sharp, try if you can find the handle!"

Thus encouraged, the woman who had picked up the piece of broken blade went to and fro, peering between the stones, scraping over the rubbish-drifts in the corners, and examining the contents of the street-gutter outside; but for all her searching, neither she nor any one else could find the other half of the weapon.

"If I lent you my spectacles, 'Lina Pezzi, maybe you'd discover the corpse," said Stefano Beni.

Poor as the joke was, it raised a laugh, and changed the temper of the crowd.

"Murder or no murder, I won't waste my time any longer," said the cobbler, shuffling off to his stall.

"Nor I mine," echoed Basilio, the joiner. "I've a coffin to finish before breakfast, and my customer won't wait."

"And before I earn a soldo to-day, I must take my mare round to the blacksmith's, to be shod," growled Paolo, the vetturino.

Then the landlord bade his lad fetch sawdust to soak up the blood, and a mop and a bucket of water, to cleanse out the gateway; and presently the men dropped off one by one to their work; and old Anita lit her brazier and spread her chestnuts to roast; and only Monna Teresa, Dame Gianetta, Brigitta, and some others of the more inveterate gossips, lingered and wondered and chattered, till the last crimson stain was washed away.

Sleeping at the back of the house—sleeping soundly, too, after lying awake and weeping half the night—La Giulietta heard nothing of the clamour that roused her uncle in his bed-chamber overlooking the courtyard. But she woke with a start, nevertheless, conscious that she had slept too late; that she had dreamed troubled dreams; that something was wrong—though what that something was, she could not at first remember.

Then it all flashed back upon her memory. He was gone! Gone to share the perils of those who go down to the sea in ships! This was why her dreams had been all of wreck and disaster! This was why she woke with that dead weight at her heart.

But she must not begin the day with tears and terrors. She must get up quickly, and light a little fire of sticks and pine-cones; for Uncle Stefano has a big cup of hot boiled milk every morning before he goes off to his workshop in the Piazza Brà; and that cup of milk and a dry crust are all the food he takes till midday, when he comes home to dinner.

So La Giulietta made haste with her simple toilet, and ran to knock at her uncle's door as she went by.

"Uncle Stefano!"

But he was neither in his bedroom, nor in the outer room, nor in the balcony. He had got up without being called, and gone out without waiting for breakfast.

Was he so early, then—or was she so late?

The clock pointed to a quarter-past seven. Cielo! so late? How could she have slept to such an hour? And the little uncle, rather than awaken her, had gone away fasting! She would run down at once to the Trattoria, and learn whether he had taken a cup of coffee before starting. If not, she must boil his milk, without a moment's delay, and take it in a stone bottle to the Piazza Brà!

Opening the outer door, however, she found herself face to face with Monna Brigitta.

"Ecco, my child!" said the clogmaker's wife; "I was just coming to you with a message from your Uncle Beni. He is gone to work; and will get a bit and sup at Donda's Café in the Leonana, as he goes along."

"Oh, Monna Brigitta, I am so vexed! I cannot think how I came to sleep so late!"

"Late or early, my child, you have nothing to be vexed about," said Monna Brigitta. "He only did not care to take the time or trouble to come up all these stairs again."

"Had he gone down, then, for anything?"

"Gone down!—why—don't you know?"

"Don't I know what?"

"Oh, the Blessed Saints! Such a scene as we've had, and you to have heard and seen nothing! Nay, then, *cara* Giulietta, I must come in for a minute, and tell you all about it!"

So Monna Brigitta came in and sat herself down; and, with such embellishments and exaggerations as her imagination suggested, told the whole marvellous story from beginning to end. Meanwhile, La Giulietta, listening with parted lips and frightened eyes, grew paler and paler as the narrative went on.

"Your uncle may scoff as he pleases," said Monna Brigitta, when she had talked herself out of breath; "but I maintain that a black deed of some sort was done last night under our gateway; and if it wasn't murder, it was something very like it! You should have seen the blood! Two big pools; and the stones all splashed between, as if the poor wounded wretch had tried to get away, and was stabbed a second time! But there! I declare you're as white as a ghost, child!"

White, indeed! She might well look white; for her thoughts flew at once to her lover, and her very soul turned sick with horror.

Not vainly had she felt that vague presentiment of evil when they parted. Not vainly had she wetted her pillow with tears, and sobbed herself to sleep! Then that sound that Cesare noticed once or twice, when they were talking on the balcony—that sound, as of some one lurking and listening below! One name rose to her lips; but she dared not utter it—one question; but she dared not ask it.

Where was 'Tonio Moretti'?

When Monna Brigitta was gone, she dragged herself to the window, tremblingly, heavily, as one drags along in dreams; and there—although it was now nearly eight o'clock—there in its accustomed corner stood Moretti's vettura.

The other men had cleaned their carriages, and put their horses to, and driven away long since. The women had filled their cans, and gone about their household duties. Maria, the serving-maid, was running to and fro with hot dishes between the kitchen and the Trattoria. The landlord and a country carter were busy loading a caretta with empty wine-barrels. The children were whooping and racing about the yard; the cocks and hens were scratching over the rubbish heaps; the daily life of the place was going on, just as though no dread unknown thing happened but a few hours before. The only unusual feature in this familiar scene—(unusual, that is to say, at so late an hour of the day) was 'Tonio Moretti's vettura.

The yard was generally clear by half-past six; at latest, by seven; and 'Tonio, as a rule, was one of the first up and about. But there stood the vettura with closed blinds and empty shafts, all spashed and muddy from yesterday's driving; and yonder, through the open doorway, she could hear the uneasy stamping and whinnying of his horses, waiting for their morning feed, and wondering why their master neglected them.

Where was 'Tonio Moretti'?

In after years, Giulietta Beni could never recall that day's agony and suspense without a shudder. Somehow or another, by force of habit, as it were, and half unconsciously, she went through her ordinary household duties; but to sit down calmly to embroider when these were done, was impossible! She could only walk restlessly to and fro, listening, watching, wringing her hands.

When Stefano Beni came home at midday, she met him on the threshold.

"Uncle," she said, "my Cesare is dead or dying. That was his blood; and 'Tonio Moretti is his murderer."

Her cheeks were white; her hands were like fire; her voice sounded hard and strange.

Startled and alarmed, the wheelwright strove in vain to calm her.

"It is of no use," she said. "There stands 'Tonio's vettura. It has stood there all the morning. His horses are starving in the stable—there is no one to feed them. He is afraid to come near the place. His hands are red—he dares not show them! The brand of Cain is on his brow."

"But I tell you it is all folly!" remonstrated the wheelwright.

"'Lina Pezzi picked up the dagger!"

"'Lina Pezzi picked up a bit of broken blade with no blood on it. Now, in the name of reason, my little girl. . . ."

"Reason!" she cried, holding her head wildly with both hands. "Don't talk to me of reason! Find out the truth for me, or I shall go mad!"

Then Stefano Beni, being fairly at his wits' end, promised to do what he could—to go round to 'Tonio Moretti's lodging; to make inquiry at the police-bureau and at both the hospitals; to do anything, everything, if she would only try to be patient. So the poor child promised patience, and kissed him with a look that sent him down stairs with the tears in his eyes; and when he was gone, she went to her room, and poured out her heart in prayer and petition to "Our Lady of Sorrow."

When he came back some three hours later, the vettura was no longer in the yard. Ernesto Moretti, 'Tonio's cousin, who lived down by the Porta Canossa, had been round meanwhile, paid an indemnity of a week's rent, and fetched the carriage and both horses away.

"We were the best friends in the world!" said the landlord, in astonishment. "I've stabled his beasts for two years; he has had his dinner at our Trattoria pretty nearly every day; and we have never had a word of difference. I cannot understand it. But ecco! it is the way of the world!"

"Ay, neighbour," echoed Stefano Beni; "it is the way of the world!"

But he chuckled softly to himself as he went up the stairs. The door opened before he reached his own landing. She had been listening for his footfall; but now that he had come, she could not speak.

"Cheer up, my little girl!" he said, coming quickly in, and shutting the door behind him. "Cheer up! all is well—it is 'Tonio who is in trouble—it was 'Tonio's blood that was spilt, and not our Signor Capitano's! The poor brute is in bed, and a surgeon attending him. I saw his landlady. He tells her he met with an accident last night; but he seems to have been drubbed within an inch of his life. His face and head, she says, are one mass of bruises—three or four of his front teeth knocked out—and his eyes swollen up as big as a couple of oranges. He won't be able to see—much less to get up—for a week or more, the miserable devil!"

"You are sure that this is true?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Sure—positive; for after I had seen the landlady, I went on and saw the doctor. Now, are you satisfied?"

"I—I don't know," she faltered. "If I do not get a letter to-morrow morning, little uncle, you must take me to Venice."

But when morning came, the dear, welcome letter came with it. Cesare Donato was safe, and well, and very busy; and expecting to weigh anchor for Trieste in a couple of days.

CHAPTER LIV.

STRANGE, IF FORTUITOUS

No; there was evidently nothing wrong with Cesare Donato. Busy as he was, he wrote daily, though briefly, from Venice; and from Trieste despatched a letter written during the trip from port to port. The letters were plain, straightforward letters enough; not high-flown, like love-letters in romances; but simple, and earnest, and full of manly tenderness. Such news as they contained was purely about business. At Venice, everything reminded him of the happy day they had spent there together. It was especially delightful to him to remember that she had been on board the *Diamante*. She was now associated with the vessel in his mind for ever. He could recall her as she looked, as she spoke; on deck; in the saloon; even in his own little cabin and counting-house. It enabled him to realise the happiness that would hereafter be his, when her presence there should be not a dream, not a remembrance, but a blissful reality. It was his consolation, being parted from her, to know that each sunset brought that happy future one day nearer. Then he told her how at Venice he had shipped an unusually heavy cargo, the greater part of which would be immediately discharged at Trieste; while at Trieste, he was about to take in goods for delivery at Ancona, Barletta, Bari, Zante, and Smyrna. It had been his intention to go direct from Trieste to Bari, and thence to make straight for Smyrna. But man proposes and trade disposes; and these new commissions, besides delaying his arrival at Bari till the middle or end of the following week, would add a fortnight or three weeks to his outward journey.

Such was the substance of his first letters. He told her in each of them that he was well—quite well—never better; repeating the

statement so often and so emphatically, that a less unsophisticated correspondent might have suspected it to be written with a motive. La Giulietta, however, had no such suspicion; and her content was absolute. That there had been an affray of some kind that night under the gateway of the Osteria dell Cappello was certain; and that 'Tonio Moretti had come to grief in that affray was no less certain. But that Cesare Donato was unhurt—not only unhurt, but entirely unaware of what had there taken place—was now quite evident.

If it had been his blood! This was the thought that crossed her mind, whenever she passed the spot. There was no faintest stain or trace left upon the stones; but she could not look on them without shuddering. If it had been his blood! If he had been found there in the morning, stark and white, with that knife-blade in his heart! Or if, mortally wounded, he had been carried away, to die soon after in the nearest hospital! And if 'Tonio Moretti's hand had done the deed!

The girl's heart was heavy with remorse when she remembered how quick she had been to assume the commission of a deadly crime, and to fix it upon an innocent man. She was, for the time, as sure of the fact as if she had seen the blow aimed, and her lover bleeding at her feet. And oh! the storms of rebellious despair, of passionate hatred, that shook her very soul that terrible morning, while she waited, waited, waited for her Uncle Stefano's return! With shame and sorrow she remembered those sinful moments. Not till she should have confessed all to Padre Anselmo; not till she should have performed some just and fitting penance, could she feel innocent and happy again.

Following the letter penned at sea, there next came one written in harbour at Trieste; written, too, in characters so curiously cramped that La Giulietta did not at first sight recognise her lover's handwriting. The opening lines explained the cause of these crabbed hieroglyphs. Donato had hurt his right hand, and could with difficulty hold a pen. Heedless of the inconvenience he had gone on using the hand for some days; but it now had become so swollen and so stiff that he feared his writing would be scarcely legible. He did not tell her how he came by the injury; but he so wrote about it that she concluded it to be a sprain, or a bruise, brought on by handling heavy goods while the vessel was lading at Venice.

The next letter consisted of only three lines. His hand had been dressed by a surgeon, and was now bound up; so that to write was all but impossible. He was, in fact, forbidden to use it. Except as regarded this luckless hand, he was well; and, as usual, very busy.

Then came two days of silence, followed by a pencilled word, evidently written with extreme difficulty, in which he told her that he was just about to weigh anchor for Ancona.

At first, the girl had thought lightly enough of Donato's accident. A daughter of the people, she had not been so softly reared as that she should fret because her lover chanced to sprain a wrist, or bruise a finger. She would have been ashamed to take alarm at so trifling a mischance. But now, as day after day went by, she began to feel vaguely uneasy.

"I cannot think why his hand does not get well, little uncle!" she said, going back to the subject for the third or fourth time since Stefano Beni had come home from work.

The wheelwright, smoking his after-supper pipe, shrugged his shoulders by way of answer.

"It has been going on for eight—nine—ten days; and getting worse instead of better."

"Ay; but those things, you know, are slow to cure."

"Those things!" she repeated, quickly. "What things? He has never thought to tell me how it happened! I should feel easier if I knew exactly what was the matter."

"Nay, my little girl; I think you are worrying yourself about nothing," said old Stefano, kindly. "Our Signor Capitano is not one to take notice of a trifle."

"It may have been a trifle at the beginning; but is it a trifle now? Remember Gaetano Alberi!"

(Gaetano Alberi was a young cooper's apprentice, who had once upon a time lodged in the Osteria dell Cappello).

"That is not a case in point, my little girl. The lad was a beginner, and did not know how to handle his tools."

"But it shows how a trifle may end. Every one said it was nothing at all—a mere scratch! But his arm swelled and turned black; and his teeth became fixed; and the poor boy died of starvation!"

"That was from a wound, child! He contrived to cut through some muscle in his hand; and the place gangrened, and it brought on lockjaw. Who ever heard of lockjaw being caused by a sprain or a bruise?"

"We don't know that is a sprain or a bruise. It may be a wound!" she said, shudderingly.

"Not likely!"

"Not likely, do you say? You forget that 'Lina Pezzi never found the other half of that knife."

The wheelwright took his pipe from his mouth. He looked startled.

"Per Bacco!"

Till this moment, he had never seriously connected Cesare Donato with that midnight scuffle under the archway. He had made certain that it was a mere vetturino's quarrel, such as they had seen among the men in the courtyard, many a time already. But now, to be sure, the thing looked doubtful. There was 'Tonio Moretti's battered condition on the one hand; there was Cesare Donato's accident on the other. As regarded time and place, the coincidence was strange, if fortuitous. The motive, again, would not be far to seek. Jealousy, opportunity, vengeance—no element of plot or passion was wanting! Therefore Stefano Beni's incredulity was at last shaken. Therefore he took his pipe from his lips, and exclaimed—"Per Bacco!"

Then, talking it over with his niece, he counselled La Giulietta to press her lover for the facts, and to tell him everything. By "everything," he meant all about 'Tonio Moretti's courtship and rejection; all about that broken knife-blade, and those pools of blood under the gateway.

"If he cannot use his hand," said the wheelwright, "he will get some one to write for him. At all events you will then know the worst."

The advice was good; but, like good advice in general, it was hard to follow. How could La Giulietta write these things to her lover? How could she tell him that long story about 'Tonio Moretti—'Tonio the beaten, the battered, the rejected, of whom Cesare Donato knew not even so much as his name? It would be ungenerous, and she could not do it.

But she nevertheless wrote a letter that evening, when her uncle was gone to bed. In this letter, with such insistence as her love and her fervid native tongue inspired, she entreated Donato to tell her know exactly how he came by his accident; above all, to tell her if it was a "cut-wound"—for of a "cut-wound" in the hand, she entertained the deadliest terror. Then, lest he should deem her anxiety baseless, she recounted the history of the lad Gaetano Alberi, telling how he had maimed his hand with an adze; and how, although the injury was at first so slight that he scarcely even thought to bind the hand up, he died at last in agony. "He was the only son of a widow," she wrote, "and the widow lives still. She is very poor and solitary; and she shares one small attic with another old woman as poor and solitary as herself. If I lost you,

Cesare my well-beloved, I should pray to the Madonna to take me to you at once—as I pray to her now to give you back to me in safety."

It was a long letter—the longest the girl had ever written; and she sat up writing it till an hour past midnight, by the great clock in the Piazza dei Signori. She heard its iron tongue above all the church clocks of Verona.

But Cesare Donato's answer, written with almost all his accustomed freedom of pen, completely reassured her. He was now in harbour at Ancona, where he found her letter awaiting him. His hand was much better. The accident had been very slight; so slight that he should not even have mentioned it to her except as it was necessary to account for the shortness of his letters and the imperfections of the writing. As for "cut-wounds" and "lock-jaws" he laughed the idea to scorn. She must banish such nervous fancies; for, in truth, nothing could be further from the facts. A little local inflammation, a little swelling, a little stiffness, and all was summed up. These symptoms had now so far abated that by the time she should receive this letter, he would have recovered the full use of his hand.

"There!" said Stefano Beni. "Did I not tell you so? If you want a downright answer, you must ask a downright question. There's nothing like plain dealing. And now, my little girl, I suppose your heart is set at rest?"

Yes; her heart was set at rest. Once again she rejoiced in the blessed assurance of her lover's safety; once again, too, she formally acquitted 'Tonio Moretti.

And yet. . . .

—And yet, even now, Cesare Donato had not told her how he came by his accident!

(To be continued.)



"THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY," by W. D. Howells (1 vol. : Triibner and Co.).—Mr. Howells is one of the few American novelists who hold a high and wide reputation in their own country while remaining nearly unknown among the mass of novel-readers abroad. His "Lady of the Aroostook," "Foregone Conclusion," and so forth, will be such new names to so many, that the title of his latest novel may be taken, by an English reviewer, to describe the position, with regard to ourselves, of his general position as a writer of fiction. The appearance of "The Undiscovered Country" among us is, therefore, an event of some real importance as it may introduce many English readers to the acquaintance of an author whose right to ample recognition has been long secured. Whether, however, those who are not familiar with his former works will be inclined to give high rank to his latest, is a question that must depend upon a great many circumstances of personal taste and disposition. It is by no means one of those books that come, are read, and conquer. The "Undiscovered Country" is the land of the Spirits and their Mediums, among whom Mr. Howells appears to have been rambling about, partly as an investigator, partly as a student of character, without arriving at any but the most obvious conclusions—such as that the spiritualistic profession contains very large elements of honest folly as well as of conscious imposture. The central figures are a Dr. Boynton and his daughter Egeria. The doctor is a strangely foolish and incredibly ignorant physician, who has been suddenly, by the death of his wife, converted from pure materialism to the complete spiritualistic creed, and who employs a mesmeric influence which he has established over Egeria in trying to obtain, through her, knowledge of the world beyond the grave. Of course he only succeeds in nearly destroying her whole bodily and mental health, and in becoming himself the prey of knaves and an object of suspicion to the honest and the sane. The conception is unquestionably interesting and original, but in Mr. Howells' hands it proves curiously wanting both in distinctness and in power. Inability to deal with cases of abnormal psychology is shown by the manner in which he seems to be, throughout the story, endeavouring to penetrate below the surface of his own characters, while he only succeeds in giving the reader to understand that he knows there is something or other very deep down, and that it may possibly be found by dint of guessing and groping. A conception not unworthy of treatment by Browning, or Balzac, or Hawthorne, when dealt with so inadequately cannot fail to throw an effect of vagueness and feebleness over the whole which cannot be counteracted by mere novelty of detail or grace of style. The real charm of the novel lies in its descriptions of Nature; its special interest in its imperfect account of the outward life of a community of Shakers in New Hampshire. Intended to be profoundly interesting, "The Undiscovered Country" succeeds in being superficially pleasant and amusing. It is not one of the books that help to make a reputation, and reads like an experiment on the part of a very able author in a direction opposite to that in which he is best qualified to excel.

"Rendelsholme: A Novel," by Annie M. Rowan (2 vols. : Remington and Co.).—"Rendelsholme" is the account of a prodigiously involved family history, told with considerable clearness in spite of a bewilderingly ecstatic profusion of adjectives. It is written in the "intense style," in which every substantive is compelled to have at least one epithet, and is held to be the more effective for having two or three. The characters are mostly of high rank, and never forget the obligation of being consistently and deeply passionate which nobility, in fiction, is supposed to throw upon the members of families with a history. The worst of that history is that in no single respect is it worth being told. There are some thousands of possible variations upon the old themes of *misalliance* and the substitution of children, and one is, perhaps, quite as good as another if used as a framework for new varieties or combinations of character. But they have long ceased to have the interest of novelty in and for themselves, and Miss Rowan would have written a novel both more original in character and more appropriate to the hour had she applied the knowledge she displays of the stable and the Turf to a family complication among race-horses instead of their owners.

"The Story of Heritage," by Herbert Gough (1 vol. : Remington).—We do not remember to have met with a heroine called "Heritage" before. So curious a Christian name supplies its measure of originality to the tale of a girl who thinks so meanly of her lover as to fancy he will cast her off because her father and mother turned out to be of lower social rank than he and she had believed. Instead of telling him her terrible discovery, she runs away into the inevitable governess's situation, in which he finds her by accident, and very naturally tells her that her inferior birth was of no consequence to him at all. The heroine tells the story of her own silliness, and tells it fairly well.

"The Sport of Fate," by Richard Dowling (3 vols. : Tinsley Brothers).—We must confess to having finished the first volume and a-half of the "Sport of Fate" before discovering it to be a collection of separate tales instead of a three-volume novel. The first and longest story, called "Red Hands," is in the nature of a strikingly powerful introduction to a long novel which promises to be interesting. It breaks off abruptly at a climax which piques curiosity. Then we seem to take up the thread at the beginning of the next tale, as if from a new point of departure, and wait patiently to see how Mr. Dowling means to run his double plot into one. It is some disappointment, therefore, to find out that "The Sport of

Fate" is but a misleading and meaningless general title given to a series of beginnings of novels which never reach to a middle, far less to an end; nor can we guess why their author should have thought fit to give a collection of crude sketches and rough drafts to the world when there is hardly one that would not amply repay the trouble of developing. We speak more especially of "Red Hands," which contains so many elements of interest, in plot and character, that it can only be looked upon as an indefensibly prodigal waste of fine material. Dramatic force and a certain lurid sort of pathos are the most noticeable qualities in the shorter tales and sketches, which, taken on the whole, will not make novel readers who are not afraid of rather violent efforts look forward less eagerly to a complete novel from the author of "The Mystery of Killard."



II.

"AN ENGLISHMAN'S PROTEST" (against Mr. Bradlaugh's admission into Parliament), by his Eminence Cardinal Manning, holds the place of honour in a very good number of the *Nineteenth Century*, less by right of literary pre-eminence than of the writer's exceptional position. Still, its dignified tone is decidedly imposing. The Cardinal rests his protest upon "the natural order" of which Theism, or a belief in God, has always been considered an essential condition. Between the lines, however, it is easy to trace the stately assuredness of that immutable Church which looks out imperturbably as ever upon the surrounding waves of doubt and infidelity.—A few facts about "Peasant Proprietors at Home," collected by Mr. J. H. Tuke, are worth just now a hundred theories. The homes examined were in the north-west of Ireland, portions of glebe lands sold by the Church Commissioners at prices rather above the average (the purchase-money being payable by annual instalments), and weighted, at the time of Mr. Tuke's visit, by the disasters of three bad years. Yet in every instance where the purchasers had had capital of their own to pay the first deposit, without recourse to the local money-lender, their comfort and prosperity were in marked contrast to the tenant farms around. It was noticeable, too, that public opinion among these peasant proprietors was strong against extreme subdivision of land—from fifteen to twenty acres being considered the minimum for a family—and equally strong against early marriages.—Mr. D. C. Boulger's "Future of China," will be read with interest even by those who, like ourselves, are still a little sceptical as to the real value of Chinese armaments.—Sir D. Wedderburn contributes a pleasant paper about "Iceland;" and Mr. Ruskin a second instalment of his amusing, though slightly disjointed, "Fiction, Fair and Foul," chiefly remarkable for an unexpected attempt to class Wordsworth quite among the minor poets, the singers of songs which are "aerial only not æthereal."

Under the title of "A Dis-homed Nation" the Rev. F. Barham Zincke contributes to the *Contemporary Review* a lively protest against our English land laws, not this time on behalf of would-be "peasant proprietors," but of that great body of householders in town or country, who in the one case must be content to rent such houses as landlords choose to build, and the other become tenants of a "number" in a row erected usually on a short building lease, and on a plan of tasteless uniformity. The aesthetic as well as the social evils of a state of things which finds no counterpart abroad, and did not in our own mediæval England, are cleverly shown up, though with too little allowance for the improvements of recent years in building facilities and domestic architecture.—Prof. Wace successfully picks out sundry weak points and manifest errors in Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics," and Vernon Lee discourses pleasantly, though wordily, on the interesting subject of "Comparative Æsthetics."—The "Missing Millions; or, the Terrible Mistake in the Indian War Estimates for 1880-81," supply Lieutenant-Colonel Osborn with materials for a most damaging attack on the financial ability—we had almost said the political honesty—of Sir John Strachey.

Macmillan's for August is quite of average excellence, though General Hutchinson's "Ironclad and Gun of the Future" is one of those dismal articles which can only mean, if they are true, that we must discard at once our present ships and guns, and take to vessels floating like "monster turbot" on the waves, and short guns discharging discs "with vertical rotation."—An instructive paper on the treasures of our "National Gallery," by Mr. Lefroy; and a curious account from a contemporary author of a "Special Assize under Louis XIV.," by the Rev. H. Leach—one of the spasmodic efforts occasionally made to curb the lawlessness of the feudal aristocracy—will both well repay perusal.

To *Belgravia* Katherine and Thomas Macquoid contribute some agreeable pen and pencil sketches of the Valley of the Ambleve, a Belgian Arcadia, not far from Spa.—Mr. Alfred Rimmer continues his rambles in "Our Old Country Towns" with a visit to the "Cinque Ports."

The August Holiday Number of *Scribner's Monthly* contains, as usual, matter for all tastes. Space only allows us to note as eminently readable "Our River," an account of the Hudson in its winter and its summer garb, by a dweller on its banks.—"Mr. Seymour Haden's Etchings," by P. G. Hamerton; and "Curiosities of Advertising" (chiefly American), a curious recital of various strange devices by which Yankee traders endeavour to achieve notoriety.

The graver *North American Review* has still two articles at least to suit the general reader, a paper by the Editor on "Ruined Cities of Central America, with a Special Description of the Remains of Uxmal;" and the conclusion of Dr. Busch's "Prince Bismarck as a Friend of America and a Statesman."—In his "Nullity of the Emancipation Edict" Mr. R. H. Dana expresses a hope that the historian of the Civil War will some day clear up the motives which led President Lincoln to put forth a proclamation so clearly unconstitutional and *extra vires*.

We have also to acknowledge the *Art Journal*, with a capital memoir of Thorwaldsen, by Mrs. Spender; the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine*, with one good Italian story, and some useful notes for sermon-making; and *Modern Thought*, containing, among other fair papers, an interesting historical contrast: English Catholics in 1830 and 1880.

DEER HUNTING IN THE NEW FOREST

THERE is very little wild-deer hunting now to be obtained in England, and the chief resorts of lovers of this sport are now Exmoor, with Mr. Bisset's stag hounds, and the New Forest, with the deer hounds of Mr. Lovett. Our sketches represent some incidents of a day's sport in the latter locality. Previous to 1847 there were many red deer and large herds of fallow deer in the forest, but the commoners having complained that they devoured the pasturage, the animals were directed to be exterminated. The order was only too well carried out, the red deer were entirely destroyed, and only about a dozen of the fallow deer were left. These, however, are still spared, as they do no harm, and simply feed in the sides of the enclosures. To come to the hunt itself, at daybreak the deer is started off from his "form" by the "harbourer," who appears at the meet, riding a shaggy pony, and is immediately seen in deep consultation with the master of the hounds. The hounds speedily move off under the pilotage of the harbourer, and are coupled up and held by foresters on foot. Close by are stationed the spare-horse riders, and those sportsmen



"A TIMELY RESCUE"
FROM THE DRAWING BY C. DAVIDSON, JUN.

who are riding their horses with a reference to the "next hunting day." A couple of trustworthy hounds are first selected as "tufters," these are accoutred each with a loose long girth attached to the collar so that they may be easily stopped when the right deer is roused. The Master's cheery voice encourages them, and soon a note is heard. But alas! it is not the right buck but a couple of does and a pricket which dart across the ride.

The tufters in full chase essay to cross after them, but Willie, the whip, is too quick for this, he dashes down the ride, and whips the dogs off; they are turned back, and the blank faces of the "field" are soon cheered by a dart from the tufters followed by several shrill view hollas. The tufters are now finally stopped, and Willie is despatched to get the pack uncoupled. In a minute or two the Master and his young assistants are galloping towards them, and are greeted by a chorus from the hounds. They are now laid on to the line of the buck, who takes one turn through the large fir enclosure before he goes away. The riding on Exmoor is certainly over rougher ground, steeper hills, rocks, and heather, but nothing can exceed the beauty of the sylvan scenery of the New Forest, nor is it without its dangers, as the muddy coats at the end of the day amply testify. The twang of the horn, the music of the hounds, and the "For—forward" of the whips and assistant whips announce that the buck is gone away.

Those of the field who mean to see anything of the run must now follow fast, for should they once lose sight of the hounds under "the greenwood tree," they will hardly see them again, and foolishly, indeed, is the man who, in attempting to save his horse, tries "skirting." He is sure to lose the hounds, and, generally in his frantic endeavours to find them again, takes more out of his steed than those bolder spirits who have kept close and seen all the run. But the chase now draws to a close, after crossing many lawns and glades the buck is at last "nearly done," and takes to the water. A little farther and he is pulled down by the hounds, and the day's sport is over.

In one of our sketches the hounds are depicted waiting in couples, attended by foresters, under the spreading beech-trees, and in another, by way of contrast, the roused deer—a buck of some four or five years, who fancied himself lying safely hidden in the furze and heather, but who now finds himself disturbed by the unerring tufters. Our other sketches are sufficiently explained by their titles; but we may add that every variety of lovers of the chase are assembled in the New Forest on the occasion of a day's sport, from the visitors at the neighbouring watering-place, which often sends its contingent of lady riders, under the auspices of the riding-master, to the hunting men who come from all parts of England, and who enjoy in the New Forest a sport which has its own peculiar charms.



A SEA-VOYAGE is dull work for most people, even in a Cunard liner, which does in nine days what used to take the old ten-gun brigs, or "coffins," the liners of ninety years ago, from fifty to sixty. Flirting fails, unless you have the right sort of people in the right humour. But the ocean is always there, with its store of wonders and its thrilling memories; and to open up these to young travellers is the object of Mr. R. Brown's "Notes on the Northern Atlantic" (Sampson Low and Co.).—It is scarcely a case of "eyes and no eyes," for, unless you have a berth in one of the telegraph ships or the *Challenger*, you must be content to take most of the wonders of the deep for granted. You are not likely to have the privilege of seeing a knot of star-fish pulled up from nearly three thousand fathoms, or a panfull of ooze made up of *Globigerina* and Huxley's *Coccoliths* and other animals belonging to a cretaceous age, or of examining one of those puzzling creatures which are endowed with four eyes, though they live at depths where there cannot be the faintest glimmer of daylight. Still one looks with much more respect upon the tumbling waves when one knows they hide such secrets as these; just as one feels more awed by an iceberg when one has learnt that, in Mr. Brown's words, "the Gulf Stream is both its birthplace and its tomb," and that, high as it towers over the masts, there must have been seven times as much below the surface before its buoyancy broke it off from the Greenland glacier that was being pushed further and further out to sea. Mr. Brown begins with history. He believes in the Phœnician trade with Britain; but hints that the *saga* which speaks of the Norsemen in America may be a mere fable. He traces the growth of steam navigation from Patrick Miller of Dumfries, to Collins and the partners in his glorious failure. What will astonish most readers is the short time the ocean steamers have been running. The *Great Western* was launched in 1833, the Cunard line was started two years later, and was able to ruin the Bristol Company because it secured a large subsidy from our Government. The bottom of the Atlantic is better mapped out than some European countries were two centuries ago. Well wishers to the men of the future will be glad to learn that it is by no means a dead level; a mountain chain runs from Iceland to the Azores, and there are plenty of hills and valleys elsewhere. The depth has been exaggerated; where Maury found 5,200 fathoms, later observers mark only 2,500. The greatest known depth is off St. Thomas's, 3,875 fathoms. We are sorry Mr. Brown has not a word of sympathy for the seals, of whom, he says, a million a year are killed—though sympathy is worthless unless it leads to close months. Some questions he settles a little rashly; are the French sardines mere sprats, for instance? Sprat-sardines, it seems, are now made on the Firth of Forth just as pilchard-sardines are in Cornwall. The book is full of information, and will interest those who stay at home as well as those who have to cross the Atlantic.

The Bishop of Natal, or Dr. Colenso, as strictly orthodox readers prefer to call him, hoped, in the preface to "Lectures on the Pentateuch," that his work would be read by Sunday School teachers, so that both they and their scholars might form a true judgment as to the age of the Mosaic books. The Sunday School Union does not go quite so far as this; but its "Handbooks for Class Lessons," of which we have before us Mr. Tuck's "Age of the Great Patriarchs" and Dr. Green's "Notes on the Gospel History," are in every way a great advance on the textbooks hitherto in use. The titles of Mr. Tuck's chapters—"Moses, Author and Editor," "Agents in the Beginning, God and Man," "The Beginning of the Arts," &c., show that he treats his subject in a new and striking way; to discuss the five hypotheses about the Pentateuch, to give Mr. Huxley's theory of protoplasm, and to admit that the Noachic flood was not universal, is to indulge in meat which our mothers would pronounce too strong for digestion. But every thoughtful person must feel that Mr. Tuck has made a step in the right direction. His remarks on "The Attitude of Christians towards Science" are specially good. It is true that "with the heart man believeth, and with the mind man reasons; and we men have made the antagonisms between them, we do not really find them." Unfortunately, Mr. Tuck cannot wholly shake off the theologian's habit of heaping together all sorts of "proofs," as if two or three weak arguments backed one another up, and did not rather weaken the whole. What is the use of saying that Moses must have been author-editor of the Pentateuch, "because the name of no other likely author can be suggested?" Or why, when serpent

worship is a fact, should we be told that "the feeling of all humanity towards serpents is the impress of Eve's conscious sin?" Dr. Green's notes are naturally much simpler; they are just what the teacher wants, and every lesson contains a paragraph for infants, showing how the subject may be opened out to the youngest hearer. These "Sunday School Union Notes" have long been doing a great work.

Mr. Horatio Ross has written an introduction to Mr. Macrae's "Handbook of Deer-Stalking" (Blackwood), in which he says that the book is just what he himself has been meditating for half a lifetime. Mr. Macrae was Lord Henry Bentinck's forester, and with every incident of stalking, especially with wind, he deals as one having authority. Mr. Briggs should study the book before he again puts on his kilt; and even Highlanders born and bred will find some good hints in it. We specially commend Mr. Ross's remarks about the cruelty of wounding a stag by firing out of range with an express rifle, after the fashion of too many who know not the good old Purdey. The little book is prettily got up, and contains a couple of autotypes.

Shelley was very unlike other men. It may be well for humanity that this was so, for we cannot believe, with Mr. John Todhunter, in "A Study of Shelley" (Kegan Paul and Co.), that "the graceful awkwardness of his gait must have been that of a creature accustomed to flying, which had lost its wings or foregone their use—a Botticellian angel just alit, and feeling the rough earth strange walking for feet whose wont it was to trample the dim winds." This sample of Mr. Todhunter's style will account for our giving only a brief notice of what, bombast apart, is a clever presentment of "Shelley's personality," and a careful and useful analysis of his chief works. No doubt Shelley was the poet of revolution, Byron of revolt; and no doubt there are unexpected points of agreement between the writer of "Queen Mab" and the author of the "Olney Hymns." Mr. Todhunter has done well to bring out these, and to show the relations of Shelley to Blake and to John Stuart Mill; but why frighten off the reader by hinting that, had Shelley accepted Christianity, we might have had a new revelation: "he might have seen and spoken more clearly where St. Paul sees dimly and stammers, until the Gospel should be no longer foolishness to the Greeks." Shelley's smaller poems (many of them of matchless beauty) do not enter into our author's purpose. The translations from Dante and Calderon he deals with at length, being himself a master of Italian and Spanish. The value of long analyses of such early poems as "Queen Mab" and "Laon and Cythna," is very questionable; their justification is that, while scarcely any one reads the poems, all ought to have definite ideas of Shelley's work in relation to modern thought. This Mr. Todhunter sets before us in language which would be more impressive were it less magniloquent. He has consulted the latest authorities, for there is already not only a Shelley literature, but a Shelley text with various readings; and he quotes freely from Mr. Rossetti.

Of the "Great Artists Series" (Sampson Low and Co.), we have Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Edwin Landseer, the former by Mr. F. S. Pulling, of Exeter College, the latter an enlargement by Mr. F. Stephens of his former work. Mr. Pulling has one great qualification for a biographer—boundless faith in his subject. In the disputes—with Gainsborough, with Romney, with Barry—which even such a calm-tempered man as Reynolds could not avoid, Reynolds is always right and the others wrong. "He is almost faultless; nor is there (urges Mr. Pulling, anticipating the nineteenth century suspicion of "the blameless man") any ugly thing in the cupboard which even Smellungus could nose out. The life is a little too much of a panegyric, and the painter is a little overrated; Reynolds was a great portrait-painter, a wonderful improvement on "the makers of honest similitudes" who immediately preceded him. His facility (perhaps some of his tricks of colouring) was due to Gandy, whose father had worked under Vandyck, his power Mr. Pulling attributes to his "deep insight into human character." He certainly had more than the average share of shrewdness, and showed it in the way in which he painted Lord Hol-derness's scorbutic face, and in pictures like Miss Monckton's where he concealed a clumsy figure by a graceful attitude, and lent a charm to an extremely plain face. The former picture, by the way, began to fade and crack almost as soon as it was sent home; and this defect, now so painfully evident in most of his work, Reynolds met by asserting that all good pictures cracked. Mr. Pulling is very angry with Horace Walpole and other contemporary critics for saying that Reynolds seldom succeeded with women; and cites "the exquisite picture of Mrs. Crewe as St. G  n  vi  ve" and "the divine charm about the St. Agnes" (Mrs. Quarrington, &c.). We are glad he does not venture to praise the "Nativity" or the "Holy Family." Even the "Ugolino" we think very inferior to Barry's work. Let any one go to the Society of Arts, and judge whether Barry had not some ground for his discontent at being kept from his place by a clique of respectable mediocrities. In a later edition Mr. Pulling will, we hope, see fit to revise the hard things which he says about Barry; meanwhile we have to thank him for a very complete life, and a notice of the too much neglected prose works, including the playful satires on Johnson's conversational style. If Reynolds failed in sacred subjects, Landseer failed yet more hopelessly in what his biographer euphemistically calls "the domesticities." "It was not by the study of Raphael (says Mr. Ruskin) that he attained his eminent success, but by a healthy love of Scotch terriers." As Mr. Stephens points out, Edwin owes a large part of his immense popularity to Thomas his engraver. It was a family of engravers, the father combining that work with the not incongruous trade of a jeweller. Mr. Stephens's notes on the Landseer family and Edwin's early life are very interesting; and his criticisms of the Court-painter are, we think, judicious. Thus with the pitifully weak "Windsor Castle" he does not hesitate to class that almost universal favourite "Bolton Abbey." We have always thought with Mr. Stephens that this picture, with its sad lack of imagination, its artificial posing, and the modern air of the faces, looks as if it was "done on purpose." It is a pity that one who in his own line was as unrivalled as Riviere now is, should have been deluded into painting such failures as these and "Lady Godiva's Prayer." The illustrations of both volumes are on the whole very good; especially some of the little head and tail-pieces in the Landseer.

"Verax," who reprints from *Fraser*, "I and My Property" (Sampson Low and Co.), had an exceptionally bad time of it. Solicitors' costs, counsels' fees, and the "glorious uncertainty of the law," never appeared uglier than in his case. He sells a house for 420*l.*; and it costs him nearly 84*l.* to prove his title to what he had built on his father's land (he being an only son)—land which had been in the family for a century. Besides this, the buyer's costs were over 50*l.* This is only one instance of how his entering on his estate "brought calamity." Worst of all, he found to his great cost that the Landed Estates' Court makes mistakes (his land is in Ireland), and that these mistakes are irreversible. His salvation seems to have been in the Dublin Office for Registration of Deeds. It was a hard matter; he was long bandied about between Dublin and London solicitors, each of whom found errors in the other's "search." However, his advice is that this Registry of Deeds, with simplifications which he suggests, shall be extended to the rest of the United Kingdom. Registry of title has failed in Ireland, and in England, too, in spite of Lord Westbury's and Lord Cairns' Acts. It only succeeds in Australia because title is there so simple and unencumbered. Yet something must be done to simplify dealing in land; therefore let us have a Registry of Deeds.

Messrs. J. L. Chapin and Co. have sent us a collection of their designs on steel, for *menu*, guest, and business cards, catalogue covers, programmes, and prospectuses. Their novelty consists in

the application to steel of the simpler forms of tint-engraving on wood, distinguished by the style peculiar to American workers in this branch of art. The effect thus produced is often singularly beautiful and artistic, and many of the cards are specimens of graceful and delicately simple design. They mark a new departure in the right direction, and illustrate the fitness of the application of art to our daily life.

DUELLING IN G  TTINGEN

To most people who visit G  ttingen the Guismar *thor* becomes a familiar name, but not every one who knows the Guismar *thor* knows that in the modest wayside house, about a mile or a mile and a half out the straight and very dusty road, those duels which are the only remnants in our day of the chivalry of the past are earnestly contested during each *semester*. The little town on the Leine, although boasting of considerable antiquity, is chiefly interesting to foreigners for its academic life, which is entirely modern. To George II. of England the University owes its foundation, but few Universities in Germany, however ancient, can boast a more distinguished name. The old houses which overhang the narrow streets are picturesque, and the modern houses are spacious, and speak of the prosperity of their inmates; but all owe their chief interest to their associations with men who have made Modern Germany what it is. In this eight-sided little house on the wall lived the Pomeranian student, "thin as a knitting-needle," who made strange bets as to German Unity, and is now Chancellor of the Empire; not far off Heine thought over the biting epigrams which to this day make the good folks of G  ttingen hardly forgive him; in the valley beside the Gleichen lived B  rger,—Ewald, Gervinus, and Grimm were among its professors in the past, L  tze and Pauli are among its professors in the present. The University buildings are the modern architectural ornaments. The streets are gay with the colours and the *Biergarten* gay with the songs of the *chors*, those select bands who maintain the historic reputation of the University by their costumes, their ceremonial, their good fellowship, and their fighting. Very early in the morning the duels begin, and one should be early on the road. As we draw near our destination we notice men with telescopes, standing in the fields, taking occasional glances, between the puffs of their cigars, at the open country around. They are sentries, ready to signal the approach of the police. Our appearance is not suspicious, however, and we pass on. A friendly Saxon takes us past the guard at the door, we turn up the little stair to the left, and entering the low gallery, look down at once upon such a sight as only Germany can show. Round the room, each at its own table, sit or lounge members of the respective clubs. There the blue and white band and cap proclaims a Saxon, here are reds and greens, some are eating, and all are drinking draughts of beer, wedded to the name of some friend. At the end of the room is a buffet. But the centre is clear, and in the space between the two venerable brown sofas, the combatants, who are arming, will soon face each other. Mr. Julian Hawthorne, writing of duels in another district, has expressed regret that it is in leather, not in glittering mail, that the student-heroes meet. The arming is certainly not a picturesque sight, nor when the large padded suit is securely fastened, the spectacles to guard the eyes and ears adjusted, and the *schlager* put into the armed man's hand, can it be said that he looks heroic. The formal preliminaries gone through, the signal given, the incessant toast-drinking stops for a minute or two, the stranger who is making his first visit, shuts his eyes. "Flap, flop, flap, flap," quicker than the eye can follow the thin glittering weapons beat upon the leathern jerkins. Suddenly the seconds run between, and the men separate. B's second examines A, A's second examines B. But it is a mere scratch. *Los!* and they are again at it, and so the fight continues until one is severely cut or the allotted time is up. Ten minutes is the maximum to be occupied in actual fighting, but as the constant inspections by the seconds take up time, the combatants may be fifty minutes on the floor. When at last honour is satisfied, the brothers of each duellist (*i.e.* members of the same club) ease him of his bloody raiment, he washes *coram publico*, and has his wounds, if need be, sewn up by the attendant doctor. Meantime the floor has been covered with fresh sawdust, and a new pair of duellists are arming. Whatever may be said of the morality of the system, or of the law which tacitly permits its violation, there can be no doubt of the singular character of the scene which is presented. The duels are very frequent. "The Chief," says Dr. Busch, "then told us that when a student in G  ttingen he had twenty-eight duels in three terms, and had always come well out of them." Probably this has been excelled by many who, like the unhappy captive of the "Anti-Jacobin," have studied "at the U—niversity of G  ttingen."

W. G. B.

THE OLD STORY

ALL the long summer afternoon,
Beneath a leafy sky,
The velvet turf with daisies strewn
We played,—my child and I.

Until the little restless thing,
Sated with sport and chase,
Leaped to my arms with sudden spring
And gazed into my face.

And kissed me long and kissed me well,
And, clinging close to me,
"I love you more than I can tell,
And always will," said she.

Ah! that was twenty years ago;
And now this summer day
Again I see beneath the bough
Her and her child at play.

The fair young mother tired at length
Sits by me, pleased to rest.
The boy draws near,—with all her strength
She clasps him to her breast.

"You love me now, I know," she cries;
"But will you love me still
When you are grown?" The child replies
"I will. I always will."

Ah! dearest girl, your whole life through
Such love your treasure be,
And may your boy be true to you
As you have been to me.

Soft in your ear one day, dear lad,
May some such music fall,
Sink to your heart, and make you glad.
God send it to us all.

SAMUEL PASCOR

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS!—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. Price 1s. 1½d. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless and pleasant to taste, it produces natural, quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes.

"AND TEETH LIKE ROWS OF PEARLS." JEWELRY and BROWN'S exquisite Compound, the ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE. The only genuine is signed JEWELRY and BROWN, Manchester. Established 50 years. WHITE AND SOUND TEETH, healthy gums, with the brightness of colour so essential to beauty, and fragrant breath, are all insured by the use of this speciality. Pots, 1s. 6d. Double, 2s. 6d. All Perfumers and Chemists.

CHASSAING'S WINE, WITH PEPSEINE and DIASTASE. IT HAS A MOST AGREEABLE FLAVOUR, AND CONTAINS THE TWO NATURAL AND INDISPENSABLE AGENTS TO INSURE GOOD DIGESTION.

It will be found most beneficial in cases of Indigestion, Vomiting, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Constipation, Gastralgia, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Constipation.

Sold by Chemists and Druggists, 4s. 6d. per Bottle.

WHOLESALE—49, SOUTHWARK STREET.

AT PETER ROBINSON'S FAMILY MOURNING WAREHOUSE, "REGENT STREET."

BEST ENGLISH CRAPES ONLY ARE USED, which stand the wet and damp weather. WIDOW'S DRESS, beautifully fitted, made complete, from French Milliners. WIDOW'S BONNET and CAP, made by French Milliners. WIDOW'S MANTLE or PALETOT handsomely trimmed, from DRESSES made complete, for a Parent. Sister or Brother. MANTLES and PALETOTS, handsomely trimmed, for ditto, from BONNETS, New Styles, made by French Milliners from

The BARODA CRAPE—Economic Dresses made entirely of this new material, for Deep Mourning, from

Good-Fitting Dressmakers are sent to All Parts with a Full Assortment of Goods, and to take Orders, immediately on receipt of Letter or Telegram, WHICH MUST BE CLEARLY ADDRESSED—

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GREAT SALE, NOW PROCEEDING.

SUMMER and SURPLUS STOCK, comprising SILKS, SHAWLS, DRESS COSTUMES, LACE, WASHING COSTUMES, RIBBONS, HOSIERY, PARASOLS, GLOVES, FRILLINGS, FANCY GOODS, FICHUS, DRESSES.

SEASIDE and TRAVELLING DRESSES. New Materials in New Colours. Suitable for the present and approaching Season. Casimir d'Italie, Grain de Poudre, Cachemere de la Reine. Angola Foulé, &c., all pure wool, and dyed by The most eminent Paris dyers in Black and every other colour.

Prices from 14s. 6d. to 25s. the Full Dress. Also in Black and the same colours, several thousand pieces of Cachemere and Cachemere Merino, very wide, 2s. to 3s. 6d. the yard. Estamene, Witney, Devonshire, and other all-Wool Serges in Navy, Dark Brown, Prune, Bronze, Black, &c. From 1s. to 2s. 9d. the yard. Patterns of all the above free.

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A detailed Catalogue will be sent free on application to

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GARDNERS' DINNER & TABLE GLASS SERVICES, free, graceful, and original designs of unequalled value. Dinner services from 21s. Table Glass Services, of the best crystal, for 12 persons, complete, 65s. Cash discount 15 per cent. Coloured photographic sheets and illustrated glass catalogues, post free.—453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

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PHOTOGRAPHS well-coloured (face only) for 2s. Mrs. AGNES RUSSELL, Uppham Park Road, Turnham Green, London, W.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falls out, "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Full particulars around each bottle. Ask your nearest Chemist for "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER." Sold everywhere at 3s. 6d. per bottle.

BREIDENBACH'S WOOD VIOLET.—Fresh as the flower itself. Prices 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s. Bottle. Sold at all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the universe, or BREIDENBACH and CO. Importers, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. New Bond Street, London, W. Trade Mark, The Wood Violet.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's Aureoline produces, by two or three applications, the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. of all Perfumers and Chemists. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 5, Great Marlborough Street, W., and 93 and 95, City Road, E.C. London; Pinaud and Meyer, 37, Boulevard de Strasbourg Paris; 31, Graben, Vienna; and 44, Rue des Longs Chateaux, Brussels.

NUDA VERITAS. Grey Hair restored by this valuable specific to its original shade, after which it grows the natural colour, not grey. Used as a dressing it causes growth and arrests falling. The most harmless and effectual restorer extant. One trial will convince it has no equal. Price 10s. 6d., of all Chemists and Hairdressers. Testimonials post free.—R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

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VELVET CARPETS, &c.

EXHIBITION MEDALS, 1851, 1862; DUBLIN, 1865; 34 and 36, OLD BOND STREET, W.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM.—The excruciating pain of gout and rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated medicine, BLAIN'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS. They require no restraint or diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

FLORILINE! FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produce a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or decay, gives to the teeth a peculiarly pearly whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Eminent Floriline" being composed in part of honey and sweet herbs is delicious to the taste, and the greatest toilet discovery of the age. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere at 2s. 6d.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—THE PILLS purify the blood, correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, kidneys, and bowels. THE OINTMENT is unrivalled in the cure of bad legs, old wounds, gout, and rheumatism.

THEY HAVE NO EQUAL.—This is the universal opinion of everybody who has tried DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS, for bilious and liver complaints, indigestion, spasms, flatulency, head depression, irritability, lassitude, loss of appetite, &c., being as mild and tonic in their action as they are certain in their curative effects. Sold by all chemists in boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. The genuine are in a square green package.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION. Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly blotches on the face, neck, arms, and hands can be instantly removed by using Mrs. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT. Made from Herbs only, and warranted harmless. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin is perfectly astonishing. A Box of it (bearing Government Stamp) sent post free, and quite free from observation to all who apply to Mrs. JAMES, 226, Caledonian Road, London, N. Larger Boxes, four times the quantity, 35 stamps. This can be had of all respectable Chemists.

LEATH and ROSS'S COLUMN.

DEAR VANITY.—I will begin my letter this week by singing the praises of a medicine which has the valuable property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more or less—namely, a cold in the head. Surely that complaint is one of the lesser evils that flesh is heir to, and I think the man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I awoke with that most uncomfortable of feelings, a general oppression, which is the certain precursor of a catarrh. At first black despair seized me, but luckily I remembered that if taken in time the mystic contents of a little green glass bottle might save me from the prospect of many days' discomfort to myself and others. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-for remedy, and before night was cured: it is called "Glykoline," a colourless, tasteless fluid, three drops of which taken at intervals of an hour will infallibly do away with the most obstinate cold. All this sounds rather like an advertisement, so I beg you to understand that I have no personal or pecuniary interest in the sale of Glykoline, and only sing its praises with a wish to spread its healing properties around, and, by recommending it, confer a boon on the suffering human race.

TALON *Vanity Fair*, March 17, 1877.

GLYKALINE effectually cures Colds, Coughs, Catarrhs, Respiratory Ailments, averts tendencies to Diphtheria, and relieves ALL DISORDERS OF THE MUCOUS MEMBRANE.

GLYKALINE is a reliable and Speedy Specific; curing Colds in a few hours.

GLYKALINE is very efficacious in Hay Fever, clearing the bronchial tubes.

NEURALINE Gives Instant Relief to Toothache, Neuralgia, Tic-Douloureux, Gout, Rheumatism, and ALL NERVE and LOCAL PAINS.

MR. EDGAR, of Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, writing to Sir James Matheson, says: "Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful remedy she had ever applied. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."

NEURALINE is now in demand in all parts of the world. It gives relief in all cases; and permanently cures in many by all a single application. Prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homoeopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford St., W. and sold all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post 1s. 3d. and 3s. Each bottle is accompanied by illustrated directions for using.

BERBERINE (for Internal Disorders). Excellent for the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels. Stimulates the latter and promotes regular action. Increases the stomach's assimilative powers. Removes Gout, Rheumatism, Headache, and disordered Taste in the Mouth, Nausea, and Langour; also Colic, Pains in the Back, and Prostration. In bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

ONONISED OIL (for the Hair). A new preparation. Arrests decay, nourishes and preserves the Hair, promotes the growth and eradicates scurf. A nutrient, not a dye. Important to all whose hair is weak or combs out, especially after the illness of the scalp. The roots are to be brushed into the roots. Sold in bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 2s., and 3s.

AUROSINE (the New Remedy) FOR PRESERVING THE HANDS AND SKIN. CHIN, LIPS, and ROUGHNESS.

By use of the AUROSINE the Hands and Skin are preserved supple, soft, white, and free from chaps. All roughness is removed, and a smooth and beautiful surface ensured.

AUROSINE removes sea-tan and the effects of exposure. In winter it is most useful in preserving the skin. Pleasant to use, cleanses, and free from grease. In bottles, 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d.

ODONTALGIC ESSENCE (for the Teeth).—An approved Liquid Stopping. Easily applied by saturating wool with it and packing the cavity. Invaluable for decayed teeth. Protects exposed nerves from cold and air. They are convenient in masticating the food. Cures toothache. In bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE. This new preparation is recommended for the Teeth and Gums. It cleanses from incrustations, whitens the teeth, preserves the enamel, arrests decay, hardens the gums, and relieves the bleeding. It is a delightful perfume, and disguises the smell of tobacco. This TINCTURE is an astringent, detergent, and antiseptic.

In bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 4d. and 1s. 10d.

CHILDREN'S POWDERS. SPECIAL PREPARATION.

POWDERS charged with the CHENOPodium ANTHELMINTICUM have been most efficacious in expelling Worms from both Children and Adults. They not only act upon the smaller kinds, such as the Ascarides, so troublesome to infants, but also upon the larger parasites dwelling in the intestines of Adults. They are given in no way dangerous, invariably give tone to the general health, and improve the appetite. Should be continued a week at a time, and repeated after an interval of a few days if necessary. In boxes, with directions for use, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. each. Free by post.

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This Pharmacodermis substance has remarkable properties. In Slight Wounds it heals, in Abrasions of the Skin it supplies in a few seconds a tough covering which will not wash off, thus affording at once protection and arresting the bleeding. In Eruptive Disease its application affords great comfort, especially in those cases where the action of the air produces great irritation. Hence its applicability to Tender but Unbroken Chilblains; also in Burns and Scalds, and to prevent Pitting in Small Pox. In Bottles, with Brush, 1s. 6d. each. By post, 1s. 9d.

PHOSPHO-MURIATE of Quinine. A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR GENERAL DEBILITY, NERVOUSNESS, BRAIN-WEARINESS, and EXHAUSTION OF THE MENTAL POWERS.

Speedy relief is given by the use of Phospho-Muriate of Quinine, and it is invaluable to all sufferers from Headache, Irritability, Irritable Temper, Depression, and Nervousness. It braces the system, and the unpleasant feeling of Lassitude is overcome. In bottles (with full directions), 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 5s.

DORÉ'S TRANSPARENT GLY-CERINE SOAP. BEAUTIFUL IN APPEARANCE, PLEASANT TO THE TOUCH, OF MODERATE PRICE.

Sold in Tablets, 3d., 4d., and 6d. each. Sold in Bars, 1s. and 1s. 6d. each. Sold in Shaving Sticks, 6d. and 1s. each. Sold in Boxes, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. each.

WHEN USED TO WASH THE SKIN, PREVENTS CHAPS, SOFTENS WATER, REMOVES THE ROUGHNESS, CONTAINS NOTHING INJURIOUS, THOROUGHLY CLEANSSES AND SOFTENS

LEATH and ROSS send GRATIS PLAIN DIRECTIONS FOR THE TREATMENT OF COMMON DISEASES.

ALL HOMOEOPATHIC PREPARATIONS ON THE BEST TERMS TO MERCHANT SHIPPERS, by LEATH and ROSS, HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard; and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS'S LIST.

All Music post free at half-price.

THE RAFT. Descriptive Fantasia. By PINSTUI. In E and G; free 24 stamps. Now being sung by Signor Foli with the greatest success at all his concerts. Decidedly the finest baritone (or bass) song extant.

I LOVE MY LOVE. Pinsuti's most celebrated Song, in A flat and B flat; free, 24 stamps.

This, the most effective Drawing-room Song ever written, is continually sung by all the leading vocalists, both soprano and contralto.

FLORIAN PASCAL'S LATEST COMPOSITIONS. BERCEUSE, 35; L'AR PRINCESS (Gavotte), 1s. 6d. Small Band Parts of above, 1s. each.

Performed at the Promenade Concerts. PRES LE LAC (Deuxieme Meditation), 1s. 6d. LES VIEUX TEMPS (Gavotte), 1s. 6d. UN BOUT PERDU (Morceau), 1s. 6d. AIR DE BALLET (Simplified Glee), 1s. 6d. Thematic Lists of this favourite Composer's Works sent gratis on application.

SHALL I WEAR A WHITE ROSE. New Song. By EMILY FARMER. Poetry by SAVILE CLARK. This charming Song is now being sung by Madame Trebelli at her Provincial Concerts with perfect success. Published in E flat and G, for soprano or contralto. Post free, 24 stamps.

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE. Vocal Score, English Words, 10s. net; abridged, 4s. Piano Score, complete, 2s. 6d. net. PIANO DUET. WILLIAM KUHE.

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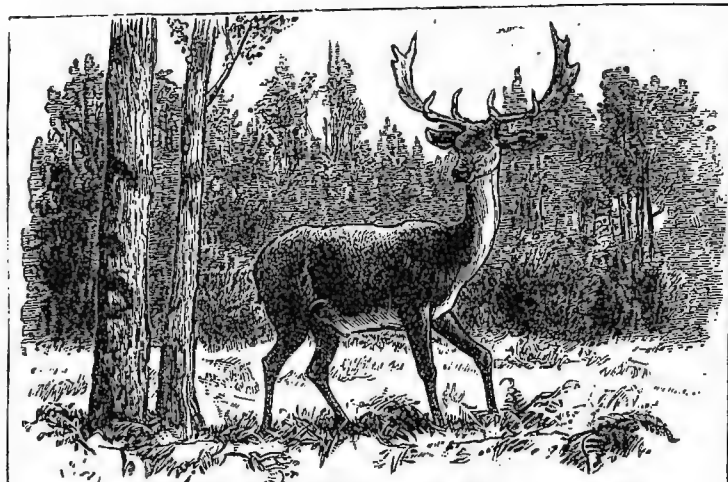
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(Easy Arrangements).
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(Very Easy Arrangements for Small Bands).
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As performed by the Royal Horse Guards' Band.
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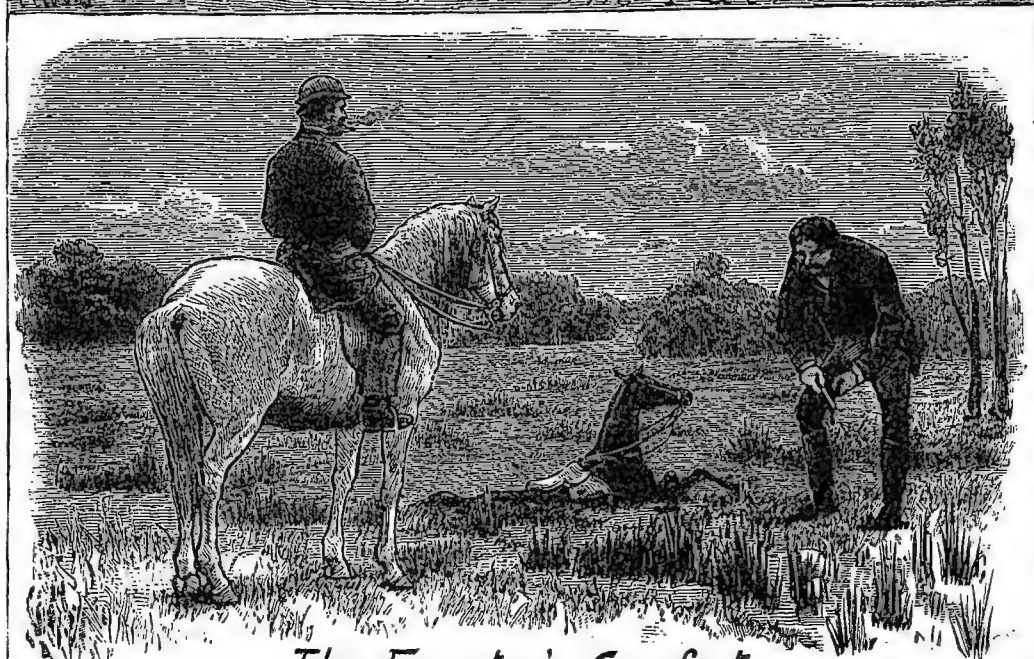
Roused



The Tufers have viewed him



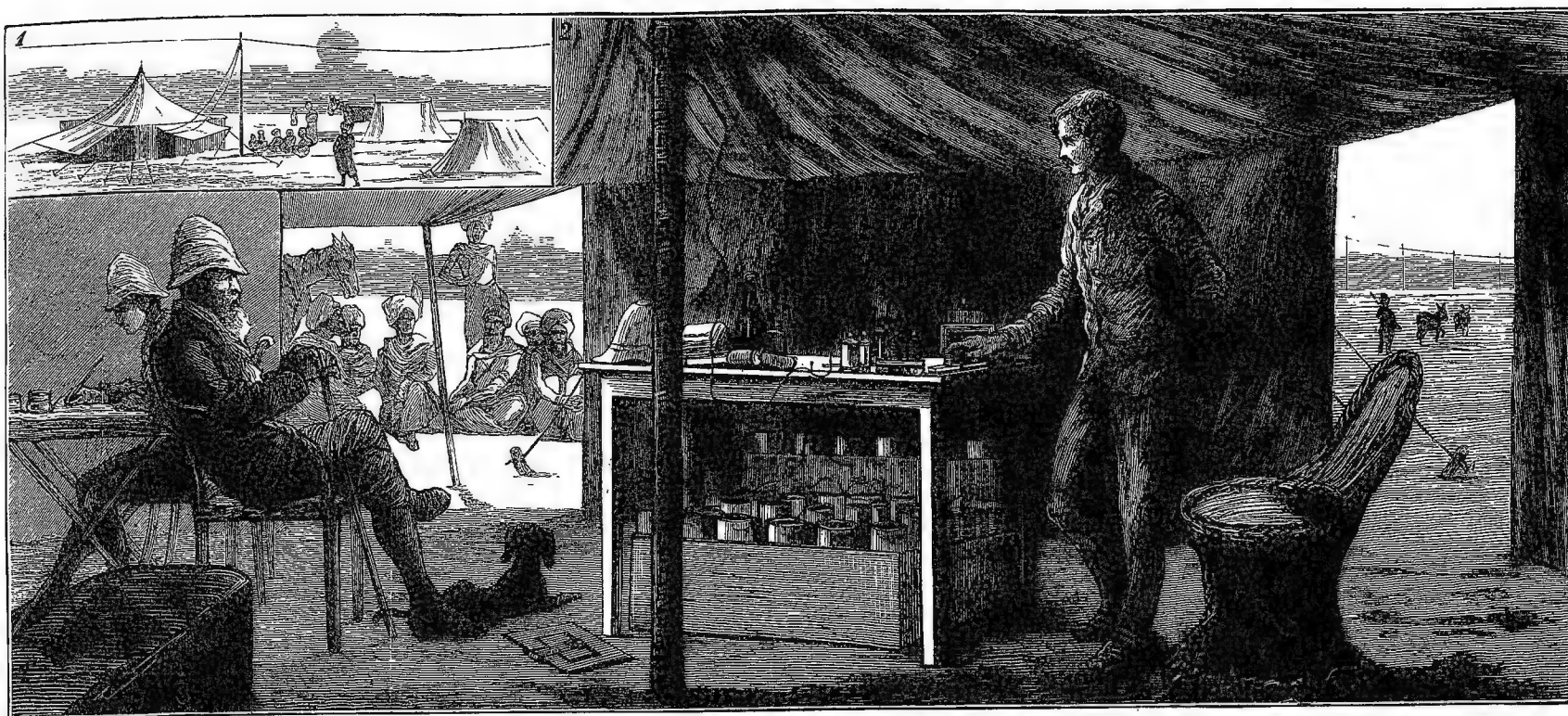
The Pack



The Forester's Comfort

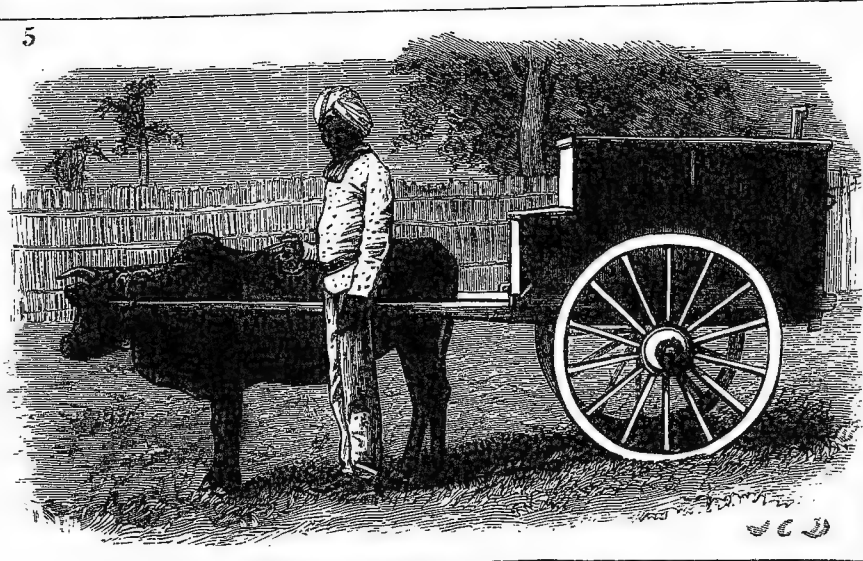
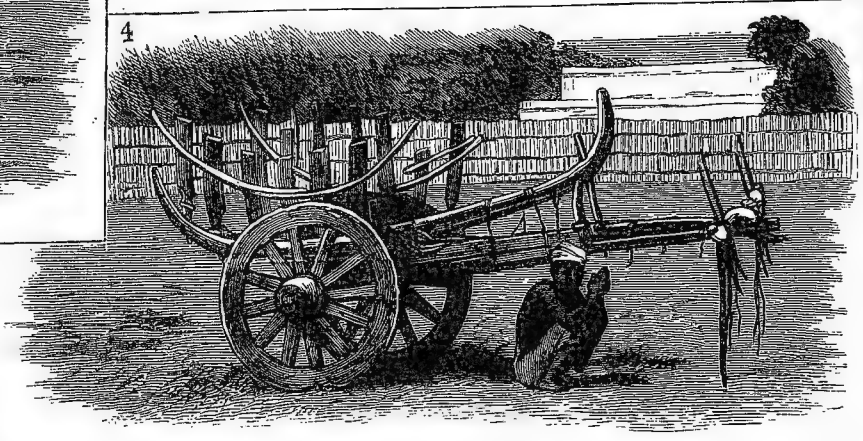
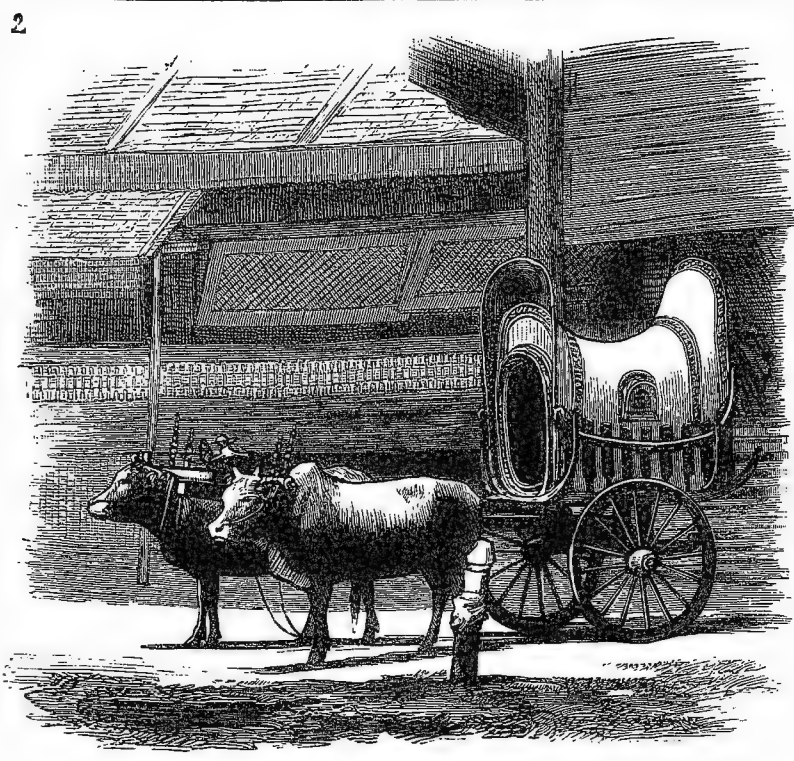
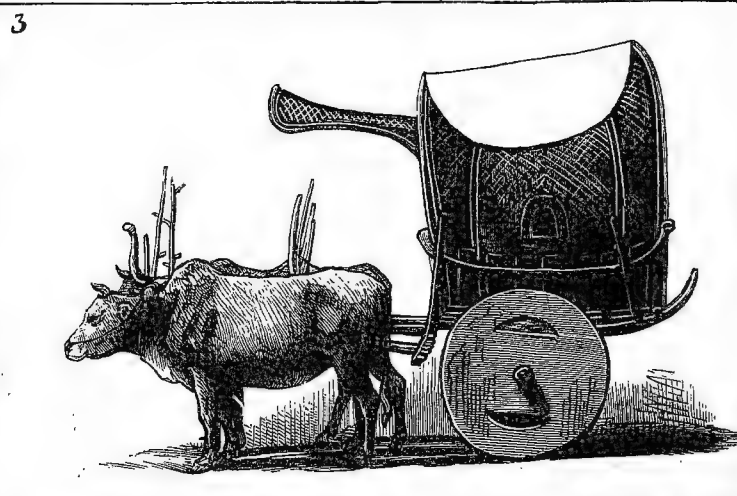
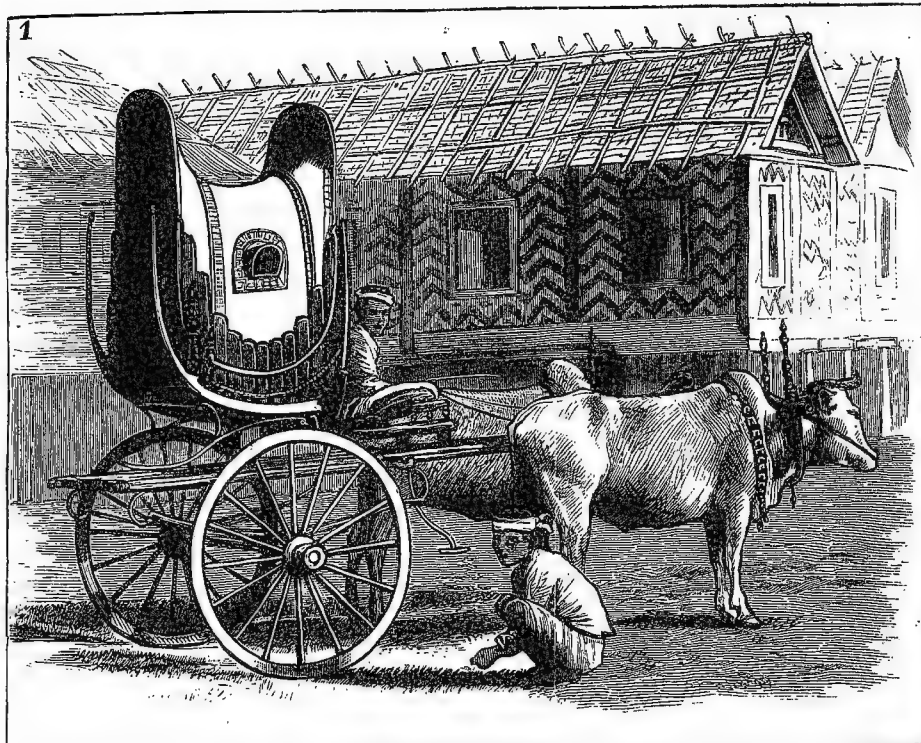


Nearly Done



1. Exterior of the Telegraph Tent.—2. The Interior.

AFGHANISTAN—A FIELD TELEGRAPH OFFICE ON THE QUETTAH ROAD



1. A Gentleman's Spring Cart.—2 and 3. Hack Carts.—4. A Country Cart.—5. The Thayetmayo Royal Mail "Express" Cart.

TRAVELLING IN BURMAH—NATIVE VEHICLES



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—No definite action has as yet been taken in the Montenegrin question, but, though still wavering daily, Turkey seems likely to consent to the cession of Dulcigno. Abbedin Pasha has informed the Ambassadors at Constantinople that the Albanians threaten formidable opposition to the April Convention, so, accordingly, the Porte will endeavour to carry out the Dulcigno arrangement. He asks, however, that Dinosh should be excluded from the surrender, and pleads for a brief extension of time. These statements are also embodied in Turkey's formal reply to the latest Collective Note, which is drawn up, and awaits the Sultan's sanction, though according to one Constantinople correspondent the document was presented to the Ambassadors on Wednesday night. As the time specified for the settlement expires on Wednesday next, it is evident that some decision must be made speedily, although the Porte has as usual found a fresh pretext for delay, this time in the two above-named propositions. Some few troops have been sent to Albania, but funds were wanting to equip and despatch the promised 4,000, while Riza Pasha has replaced the War Minister in command, owing to Hussein Pasha's former connection with the Albanian League. Threatening reports come from Scutari, where the Albanians are said to have assembled in large numbers, but as it is well known how the Porte has hitherto fanned this native opposition, little importance is attached to the rumours. Far more concern is felt in Constantinople respecting the Roumelian-Bulgarian agitation, which is declared to be daily assuming more serious proportions, fostered by Russian aid in the shape of officers, arms, money, and advice. Moreover, Aleko Pasha is now suspected of favouring the Unionist party.

For the present the Greek question remains in abeyance, the Powers not yet having officially answered the Turkish request for the consideration of a new frontier line. Turkey's suggestions for the Armenian reforms are also equally unanswered, and, indeed, it is hardly probable that either of these two subjects will be prominently brought forward until the Montenegrin affair is settled. It is reported, however, that the Pashalik of Janina has been declared in a state of siege, and that officers and provisions are constantly arriving there.

FRANCE.—The political dead season is at its height, and the only home matters of interest are the Ministerial journeys and speeches in the provinces, and the meetings of the Councils-General. In these the Republicans, thanks to recent elections, have supplanted most of the Conservatives; but the chief feature of their debates has been the special stress laid on the peaceful intentions of the country, one Minister declaring that not a single cloud led to the apprehension that this peace would be troubled. Probably these reiterations of good feeling are intended to counteract the effect of M. Gambetta's speech at Cherbourg, which has greatly aroused German susceptibilities, as savouring of a desire for "la revanche." These feelings too have been increased by the publication of an old letter of a very bellicose hue written by M. Gambetta nine years ago, and neatly twisted by a Paris journal into application to the present day. The hoax was speedily unmasked by the *République Française* with an energetic disclaimer of any such warlike sentiments; but moderate-thinkers are considerably annoyed by the slight cloud which has arisen between themselves and their quondam enemy. France, too, is not altogether friendly with Italy respecting affairs in Tunis, where the Italian Government looks with jealous eye on French influence, as there is much rivalry regarding the possession of a railway line shortly to be constructed. Moreover, Italy is affording shelter to the expatriated Jesuits, and there is some fear that the relations of the two countries might be cooled thereby. A considerable number of Jesuits who are engaged in schools still remain in France; but the respite granted to them expires on the 31st inst., and the Prefects of the Departments containing these establishments have been charged to turn the priests out without hesitation, for, as the obnoxious Order continue to announce the reopening of their schools, the Government is bent on enforcing the March Decrees. The Ministry also are determined that Republican institutions shall be duly honoured abroad, and M. de Freycinet has sent a circular to all French Consuls, requesting them in future to show some signs of festivity on the National Fête Day, July 14, to avoid legitimate criticism. M. Grévy has gone home to the Jura for a holiday, and had an enthusiastic greeting at Dijon on his way.

PARIS has been amused by an attempt to get up a Bonapartist demonstration. Taking advantage of the old Napoléonic fête day on Sunday, which, as the Festival of the Assumption, is universally observed in the Church, the Bonapartists invited their followers to attend service at Notre Dame, where, by a bequest, Mass is said daily for Napoleon I. Only a scanty number attended, and on their exit the crowd outside, composed chiefly of sight-seers, made a slight disturbance, and shouted "Vive Plon-Plon," in mock honour of Prince Napoleon, who, by the way, was not present. Some eighteen persons were arrested, but will speedily be released. Much sympathy has been aroused by the death of the well-known actress, Miss Neilson, who was staying in Paris on her return from America, and was suddenly taken ill when driving in the Bois de Boulogne. She was taken into a neighbouring restaurant, and expired soon after from disease of the heart.—Press trials are the only other items of interest in the capital, and some exciting trials also are taking place in the provinces, where, by the way, at Vieux-Ports, in the Indre-et-Loire, a land-slip overwhelmed some lime-kilns and workmen, killing twenty-nine of the latter.

GERMANY.—The Emperor has gone to Babelsberg, where he will remain until the forthcoming manoeuvres, and Prince Bismarck leaves next week for Kissingen, for his usual autumn visit, so there is little stirring save the French scare to which we have already alluded. M. Gambetta's epistle, so ingeniously published by the Paris *Verité*, has produced a shower of bitter recriminations from the Press, who have been no less severe on his Cherbourg oration, which Prince Bismarck's organ, the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, styles "the revenge hymn of the ex-Dictator." The smouldering antagonism which is so easily aroused in Germany has once more burst out, and the Liberal papers are now warning M. Gambetta that his candidature for the Presidential Chair has been impressed with the character of a war candidature. As it had been decided to abolish the usual official celebration of Sedan, several German journals are now urging that the anniversary should be observed as in former years, considering that France shows such a desire for retaliation. Such commemorations are already taking place, for on Monday the 1st Dragoon Guards feted the anniversary of Mars-la-Tour, the Emperor inspecting the troops and giving them an affectionate address, and on Wednesday Gravelotte was similarly celebrated by a small review at Potsdam.—Count Armin has at last declared himself ready to take his trial for high treason, and promises to give himself up if the sentence of eight months' imprisonment for detaining State Papers be suspended.

Six hundred and thirty-two years after its foundation, Cologne Cathedral has at last been finished, the last stones being placed on the two towers on Saturday, and the first stone having been laid on August 14th, 1248. Cologne was duly beflagged for the

occasion, and the Prussian colours hung from one tower of the Cathedral, while the Imperial banner fluttered from the other. The ceremony was slightly marred by the absence of the Archbishop, who is in exile, owing to differences with the Government, but the actual celebration will take place later, when the building will be re-consecrated and opened in the presence of the Emperor.—The floods in Upper Silesia and Posen have been most destructive. The Oder is stated to be as wide and yellow as the Mississippi, Ratibor has become an island, flooded throughout, and cut off from outside communications, while the neighbouring villages are mostly submerged. The crops have been utterly destroyed in many places.

BELGIUM held another patriotic fête on Monday with great enthusiasm. Favoured by beautiful weather, Brussels was filled to overflowing, and the processions could scarcely move along the streets. The proceedings began by the surviving members of the Provisional Government of 1830 and of the National Congress being welcomed by both Chambers, adjourning thence to the Exhibition. Here they were met by an immense procession of deputations from all parts of the kingdom, closed by those who had been wounded in September, 1830. Subsequently the King and Queen arrived, The "Brabançonne" and innumerable speeches followed, the King speaking at considerable length, praising the Belgian Constitution and its organisers, describing the progress of fifty years, and expressing his gratitude to the Powers who had protected the kingdom. A patriotic cantata closed the proceedings. In commemoration of the Independence festivities, an amnesty has been granted to deserters from the Belgian army.

RUSSIA.—An important change of administration is shortly to take place in St. Petersburg. General Loris Melikoff is to be appointed Minister of the Interior, the famous Third Section of the Imperial Chancellery being merged into that department, while his predecessor in the Ministry, M. Makoff, will take the command of Posts and Telegraphs. Moreover, the extra duties of the St. Petersburg Prefecture will be abolished, and the present Prefect will be made simply head of the Police. Although General Melikoff's appointment augurs clement measures, the Nihilists lately tried at Kieff have met with the usual severity. Accused of forming an illegal society two have been sentenced to be hanged, three to twenty years penal servitude, and the remaining sixteen to terms of imprisonment, with hard labour, varying from ten to fifteen years.—There is some talk of a meeting of a Universal Greek Oriental Synod at the coming consecration of a new church at Moscow with the view of expanding the Greek Church.

The negotiations with China have been considerably checked. Russia now refuses to continue negotiating at Peking, and the Marquis Tseng is awaiting further directions from home.—St. Petersburg has been visited by the worst fire known for sixteen years. It occurred in the Ligofka quarter on Monday, and destroyed over twenty buildings.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—Ayoub Khan has not yet made any important attack upon Candahar. Shells are occasionally thrown into the town, and siege works have been commenced, but the latter are considered insignificant, and the British garrison accordingly continues in good spirits. Excepting as regards fresh meat and forage, the troops are well supplied, and their health is reported to be good, even the wounded doing well. Ayoub himself remains at Kokuran with a force of about 12,000, including 2,000 cavalry, and with thirty-seven guns, six of which are twelve pounder Armstrongs. Native intelligence states that the investing army has taken up positions on three sides of the city, but as communication with Candahar is now most difficult, no authentic account of this has yet been received. According to report some of Ayoub's Herati troops have deserted, and he is now trying to induce the tribes in the Khojaks Pass to rise and join him. Hitherto, however, the rising has been confined to the immediate neighbourhood of Candahar, and it is thought that the news of General Roberts' advance has spread abroad, and checked all symptoms of disturbances. The last news of the northern relieving force dates from Zargun Shahr, some twenty-four miles from Cabul, where General Roberts arrived without any hindrance. It is now unlikely that anything further will be heard of the column until their arrival at Khatlat-i-Ghilzai, but they carry thirty days' provisions, and supplies at this time of the year will be easily obtained along the route. Colonel Tanner also telegraphs from Khatlat-i-Ghilzai that he will be able to furnish General Roberts with provisions. All is well in the latter fort, and no attack has been made, although inflammatory letters to the neighbouring tribes from the son of Sartif Noor Mahomed Khan had been intercepted. From Quetta we learn that General Phayre will not be able to move as soon as had been hoped, owing to the eternal transport problem. Probably he will not start until the end of this month, though his difficulties have been much lightened by the new railway to Sibi. The tribes in this neighbourhood are, however, more troublesome, and the British post at Kach Amadan, thirty miles from Quetta, was attacked on Monday morning, the enemy being beaten off with a loss of eighty.

General Stewart's homeward march has hitherto been completely un molested, not a shot having been fired. His force altogether numbers 30,000, owing to a large number of camp followers, as well as Hindoo traders, who were afraid to remain in Cabul after the British left. He reached Jagdallak on Sunday after a fatiguing march, in which the transport animals suffered severely. The heat was exceptionally trying and the road very difficult. He reached Gandamak on Tuesday, and would then have to decide whether he would remain there till cooler weather or march at once for Jellalabad. The latter seems the more likely course, as supplies are much exhausted, the camps are impure from constant use, and the troops eager to return to India. Abdurrahman himself is anxious for the complete withdrawal of the British force, stating that he feels stronger and more self-reliant in its absence. The Ameer expressed the warmest feelings of gratitude in his farewell interview at Sherpur, which is said to have produced an excellent effect. Cabul is fairly tranquil, although some slight disturbances take place occasionally, and the new ruler would enter the Bala Hissar in state on Monday.

As time goes on Indian public opinion condemns the evacuation of Cabul more and more, censuring General Roberts' march as foolhardy. Indeed the present settlement with Abdurrahman is considered most hollow, and prophecies of a speedy return to Cabul are plentiful.

MISCELLANEOUS.—ITALY is looking forward to one of the best harvests on record. Rome has presented her namesake, the iron-clad *Roma*, with a flag bearing the emblem of the city, the presentation being made at Civita Vecchia with great ceremony.—SPAIN is considerably displeased at a revival of Carlism and Ultramontanism, the movement being augmented by the arrival of the members of the different Orders expelled from France.—In AUSTRIA the Emperor's fiftieth birthday was celebrated on Wednesday with great rejoicing. The floods are surrounding Ischl.—In the coming Presidential election in the UNITED STATES, General Hancock, the Democratic candidate, will command the State of Georgia and probably Tennessee. A line of Chinese steamers is to be established to San Francisco, the Celestial Government removing all restrictions on Chinese traders; President Hayes has been congratulating the country on the prosperity shown by the recent tide of immigration; and there has been a serious accident to an excursion train on the New Jersey line, wherein twenty persons were killed and fifty-three injured. The mining town of Eureka in Nevada has been almost entirely destroyed by fire.—The war in SOUTH AMERICA shows symptoms of the end, as it is stated that after the defeat of the allies at

Tacna and Arica, Bolivia made overtures to Chili for peace. Nevertheless, fresh troops are to be despatched from Chili, and operations are vigorously progressing against Callao and Lima. In the latter city every one between sixteen and sixty must bear arms, and places of business are closed from ten to two to enable *employés* to attend drill.



THE principal members of the Royal Family still continue in the Isle of Wight, and at the close of last week the Royal circle was joined by the Duke of Edinburgh on his return from a cruise with the Channel Squadron. On Sunday Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold attended Divine Service at Osborne, the Rev. Ernest R. Wilberforce, Canon of Worcester, and sub-almoner to the Queen, officiating. Princes Albert and Victor of Wales, who had also returned from a cruise with the Channel Squadron in the *Bacchante*, visited the Queen; and the Duke of Edinburgh and the Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein lunched at Osborne House. On Monday the ex-Empress Eugénie arrived on a visit to Her Majesty. The Princess Beatrice went to Portsmouth to meet her and bring her across the Solent in the *Alberta*, and while at Portsmouth the Princess accompanied the Prince and the Princess of Wales on their visit to the troopship *Malabar*, in which the 23rd Fusiliers were embarking for India. The Princess and the ex-Empress landed at Trinity Pier, East Cowes, where they were received by Her Majesty, who had driven over from Osborne to meet them.

On Saturday the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children and the Duke of Edinburgh crossed over to Portsmouth, where they visited the extension works, and inspected the eighty-one ton gun. After luncheon with Admiral Ryder the whole party went to the Naval and Military Athletic Sports, returning to Cowes in the evening. On Monday the Prince and Princess and the Duke of Edinburgh went again to Portsmouth to witness the departure of the 23rd regiment (Royal Welsh Fusiliers) for India in the troopship *Malabar*. Previous to embarkation the Prince presented the regiment with new colours on the Garrison Recreation Ground. The whole party subsequently went on board the *Malabar*, and inspected the arrangements for the troops. The Prince of Wales will probably go to Invermark for a few days' grouse shooting at the end of August.

Princess Louise left England yesterday week for Darmstadt, where she will stay some time for the benefit of her health.—The Duchesses of Edinburgh and her children are now at Coburg, where the Duke will join them at the end of the month.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught witnessed a performance of the Passion Play at Oberammergau on Sunday. They are expected at Potsdam on the 29th inst. for the autumn manoeuvres, when they will stay with the Crown Prince and Princess.—Prince Leopold is to be invited to occupy the chair at the forthcoming National Fisteddod at Carnarvon.—The Duke of Cambridge has gone to Germany.



THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL received at its last monthly meeting the report of the Special Committee appointed in February last to consider its constitution, and to inquire how, with the minimum of change, it could be made more suitable to its modern condition. The Society, which when first incorporated consisted of comparatively few persons, now numbers some thousands of members, who, being scattered about in various parts of the country, cannot of course be expected to gather at the monthly meetings. The Special Committee therefore propose that the Standing Committee shall be elected through voting papers by the whole Society instead of, as at present, by a general meeting, which seldom numbers a tithe of the whole; and that the powers of this Working Committee, thus modified, shall be largely extended. They also propose to amend the terms of membership, excluding all who cease to contribute to the funds, as well as all who do not belong to the Church of England. They also suggest that, when occasion requires, a poll of the whole Society by voting papers may be demanded on any question brought forward at a general meeting, provided that it is asked for by a third of the members present, and sanctioned by the President. Lastly, without formally abolishing the monthly meetings, it is proposed that the Society shall not be bound to hold them, but that the number and dates of general meetings shall be appointed by a bye-law. For these purposes it appears, according to counsel's opinion, that a Supplementary Charter will be needed, and this will accordingly be applied for if the report be adopted at the general meeting in February next.

THE CANONS OF LIVERPOOL.—The Bishop of Liverpool has appointed the following eight clergymen to be Honorary Canons:—Rev. A. Stewart, Rector of St. Peter's, Liverpool; Rev. J. H. Jones, Perpetual Curate of St. John's, Waterloo; Rev. E. Carr, LL.D., Vicar of St. Helen's; Rev. W. F. Taylor, D.D., Vicar of St. Christy's, Liverpool; Rev. O. L. Penrhyn, Vicar of Iluyton; Rev. T. F. Fergie, Vicar of Ince; Rev. W. Lefroy, Perpetual Curate of St. Andrew's, Liverpool; Rev. E. H. McNeile, Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Prince's Park, Liverpool. The following seven clergymen, who were already Honorary Canons of Chester, have elected to be transferred from Chester to Liverpool:—Rev. Canon Warr, Vicar of Childwall; Rev. Canon Stewart, Rector of St. Mary's, West Derby; the Hon. and Rev. Canon Bridgeman, Rector of Wigan; Rev. Canon Hume, Vicar of All Souls', Vauxhall, Liverpool; Rev. Canon Sheldon, Vicar of Ormskirk; Rev. Canon Clarke, Vicar of Christ Church, Southport; Rev. Canon Trench, Perpetual Curate of St. George's, Everton. The Pro-Cathedral will thus begin with a staff of fifteen Honorary Canons, and two more will be appointed every year until the number reaches twenty-four.

AN ENGLISH PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES, under the leadership of Cardinal Manning, is being organised by the Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas, of St. Vincent's Home, Harrow Road, who, in a letter to the *Tablet*, states that he is "only the agent, and a willing agent, for his Eminence; and that the Duke of Norfolk will be the bearer of the principal banner. The expedition, which will consist of first, second, and third-class pilgrims, will start on the 8th or 9th of September, the route taken being *via* Newhaven, Dieppe, Paris, and Bordeaux. The journey there and back will occupy about ten days, and the cost to third-class pilgrims is estimated at about 9*l.* each, the expenses of living on the journey and at Lourdes being not less than 9*s.* per day.

PROFESSOR ROBERTSON SMITH's contributions to the new volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* formed the subject of an animated debate at a meeting of the Commissioners of the Free Church of Scotland held last week at Edinburgh, the attendance at which was unusually large. Memorials were presented from

fourteen Presbyteries asking that the matter might be considered, as it was "causing much disturbance and anxiety throughout the Church." On the other hand it was stated that the College Committee had determined to take no action, and a letter from Professor Smith was put in protesting against the interference of the Edinburgh Presbytery as irregular, if not illegal, and denying the competency of the Commission to deal with the case in its present form. A motion for remitting the matter to a committee was made by Dr. Wilson and supported by Sir H. Moncrieff, Dr. Begg, and Principal Rainy, was ultimately agreed to, though no fewer than three counter motions were proposed.

OBITUARY.—St. Paul's Cathedral has just lost two of its Prebendaries. The Rev. Edward Auriol, Prebendary of St. Paul's, and until recently Rector of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, died on Tuesday last week; and on Friday last the Rev. Henry Wright, Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Honorary Clerical Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, was drowned while bathing in Coniston Lake, Cumberland, with two of his sons, both of whom tried in vain to save him. Mr. Wright, who was only forty-seven years old, preached his last sermon on Sunday, the 8th inst., at Keswick, on behalf of the Church Missionary Society. He leaves a widow and twelve children, the youngest born on Saturday last, the day after the father's death.



PROMENADE CONCERTS.—At the second concert devoted to music by English composers, among other things deserving a hearty welcome, on more than one account, was Mr. Walter Macfarren's "Brighton Symphony," under which title it is generally accepted, in consequence of its having been written for and first introduced at Mr. Kuhe's yearly Brighton Festival, in February last. The merit of this composition is unquestionable, and nothing but a sustained manner of its own is wanting to place it, as a work of high pretension, beyond the pale of criticism. Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Sterndale Bennett, however, continually peeping out, the impression to a certain extent is what may be termed "kaleidoscopic." Mr. Macfarren must have been strongly fascinated by the *canzonetta* belonging to Mendelssohn's earlier Quartet in E flat, and by a certain theme figuring conspicuously in the last movement of Bennett's pianoforte concerto in the same key (No. 2); but the leaning towards Mozart is predominant, and, let it be added, healthy. Apart from these considerations the symphony is interesting throughout, the first and most important movement striking us as best of all. It could hardly have been more carefully played than by the fine orchestra under the direction of Mr. Cowen, who is becoming more and more master of the position he was unexpectedly called upon to occupy. A "selection" from Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Pirates of Penzance*, very skilfully put together by Mr. Hamilton Clarke, was the striking feature of the second part. From among the vocal pieces may be singled out a piquant and catching new ballad, "The Time of Roses," from the pen of Mrs. Mina Gould, expressively rendered by that clever, always engaging (because always natural and unaffected) young American vocalist, Mrs. Osgood, and received with well merited favour. A word of recognition is also due to Miss Florence Waud, who played the leading part in Weber's first pianoforte concerto (C major), from which the last two movements—*adagio* and *rondo*—were selected. The programme on the "Wagner Night" comprised the overtures to the *Fliegende Holländer* and *Meistersinger*, the "Fire Music" and "Ride" from *Die Walküre*, with other familiar pieces from the lyric dramas of that ineffable master. The general effect was somewhat monotonous, though the execution of the different pieces left very little to desire. The famous "Ride" of Wotan's devoted Amazons (all, by the way, his own daughters), played with wonderful spirit and *elan*, drew forth from the audience an "encore" that could not be plausibly ignored; and so this extraordinary effusion was repeated. The Funeral March for Siegfried, generally regarded as the sublimest page of the *Götterdämmerung* ("The Dusk of the Gods"—final drama of the Tetralogy) was less successful, and for obvious reasons. If what precedes it in the life and adventures of Siegfried be not previously known, the various motives ("leit-motives"), so ingeniously combined, count for nothing, and the whole seems more or less incomprehensible. Mrs. Osgood gave Elizabeth's air from *Tannhäuser* in her most expressive manner; Mr. Howard Reynolds played Wolfram's "O Star of Eve," from the same opera, on the cornet-à-pistons (which would have surprised, if not edited, Wagner), and Madame Frickenhaus, a pianist about whose ability there can be no dispute, gave Liszt's "arrangement" of the tuneful and Weber-like *Spinnlied* from the *Fliegende Holländer*, with remarkable fluency and crispness of touch. At the same time, such a mere *ad captandum* show-piece, in a *bona fide* Wagner programme, was hardly in place. On the third "Classical Night" the selection was varied and interesting. The overture to Schubert's *Rosamunda* is always pleasant to hear, when played as it should be, and Mendelssohn's "Cornelius" March (one of the posthumous publications) comes so rarely before us that when it does come it is doubly welcome. Add to these a symphony in B flat by Mozart (No. 41 out of the 49—not "No. 11," as stated in the programme), a work full of charm, though not belonging to the family of "Grand Symphonies" for which we are indebted to the prolific master of masters; the pianoforte concerto in E flat of Beethoven (fifth and last of the series), admirably executed by Madame Frickenhaus, and perfectly accompanied by the orchestra; the Gavotte from Gluck's *Armida* (encored); airs from Handel, by Madame Patey and Mr. Maybrick respectively, together with Spohr's canzonet, "Rose softly blooming," assigned to Mrs. Osgood, all well sung, and what has been said about the varied attractions of the programme will be sufficiently borne out. The second part of the concert could hardly have begun more agreeably than with Auber's too seldom heard overture to *Haydée*. These operatic preludes of the gifted French master are models of form, and cannot be heard too often. They are models also of orchestration, and may be studied with profit by all who wish to learn.

OLE BULL.—The death of this once-celebrated violinist, at his native place, Bergen, announced a few days since, was not wholly unexpected. About a month ago he left America (which had for very many years been his second home, and where at one period he entertained the romantic notion of founding a Norwegian colony), in order to revisit his country, and also to make a professional tour; for although he must have been over seventy when he died, he was still indomitably active and persevering. As a player he had outlived his fame—"Norwegian Paganini," as he used to be called. On reaching Liverpool he was attacked with gastric fever, which induced him to give up the idea of a professional tour. Feeling better, however, he went on his journey to Norway, and on reaching his destination had a relapse, which ended fatally. Ole Bull will chiefly be remembered as an eccentric *virtuoso*, with no pretension to be regarded as a great artist in the absolute signification of the term. He, however, in his time found many warm admirers, and pursued his avocation as a public performer and composer, after his manner, with unwearied industry. As a man he was highly respected for amicable qualities and strict integrity.

WAIFS.—A new theatre, El Teatro de Lara, so named after its owner and promoter, is very shortly to be opened at Madrid.—Massenet's long expected Opera, *Herodiade*, is to be produced at the Scala, Milan, in January next. Why not, after the success of *Le Roi de Lahore*, at the Grand Opera in Paris? M. Vaucorbeil can probably give fair reasons.—The King of Denmark has conferred upon M. Ambrose Thomas the order of the "Danebrog." Good. "The King drinks to Hamlet"—and a worthy Hamlet, too.—The Pope has conferred on Josef Rheinberger, the well-known Royal Bavarian Capellmeister, the Order of Gregory the Great, in recognition of his services to Catholic Church-music.—The spoliator of Robert Schumann's monument at Leipzig has been discovered in the person of a University student, who, to possess himself of a veritable likeness of his favourite master, was rash enough to commit the theft for which he will in all likelihood be severely punished.—It seems quite decided now that Gounod's *Tribut de Zamora* is to be the next important novelty at the Paris Grand Opéra, the management of which by M. Vaucorbeil, successor to M. Halanzier, does not appear to have been much more felicitous than that of his precursor. The chief attention of the director is at present, it would seem, absorbed in the production of a new grand ballet. Meanwhile the Parisian public, more musically inclined, are eager for the long promised revivals of Rossini's *Conte Ory* and Auber's *Le Philtre*, not less charming and original in its way.—Miss Minnie Hawk, having declined engagements both from Mr. Mapleson and Herr Max Strakosch, is not going to the United States this year.



The stern determination of Ministers to carry out their programme of work to the bitter end is not weakened as the days pass. On Monday Lord Hartington read the usual weekly statement, which simply amounted to a reiteration of proposals earlier made, and some specification of particular days on which certain work would be completed. It is a well-known fact in natural history that the crushed worm will turn at last. The House of Lords threatened with extinction by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, has illustrated this remarkable instance of unexpected vitality. It has protested against the position in which it finds itself. Like the inconvenient caller-in at the Circumlocution Office, Lord Redesdale has been "wanting to know, you know," as to the prospects of their Lordships having presently something to do. Earl Granville answered him with habitual suavity, and unvarying inability to satisfy his curiosity. The House of Commons is slowly proceeding towards the completion of certain Bills. When they are finished in the House they will in due course reach the Lords, but that is all Earl Granville can say. The position is certainly one aggravating to the spirit of any peer jealous for the predominance of his order. Thanks doubtless in some measure to the unexpected advocacy of Mr. O'Donnell, the House of Lords has not been formally abolished. But practically it cannot be denied that its legislative functions are practically abrogated. By a supreme effort and an unexampled outburst of audacity it threw out Mr. Forster's unfortunate Bill.

Nothing particular has happened since this, though much denunciation has been hurled at the heads of noble lords. At the same time they have been plainly given to understand that in dealing with this measure they have exhausted their measure of independence, and that they are expected to pass the equally obnoxious Hares and Rabbits Bill as soon as it shall reach their House. It is plainly impossible that at this time of the year, with by far the larger proportion of the peerage absent from London, a proper amount of consideration should be given to important Bills. In the case of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, everybody knew beforehand that the Lords would throw it out, the conclusion being arrived at not so much on the ground that it was obnoxious to their lordships, but because it received so little support in the Commons that the Lords were really only expressing public feeling when they ventured summarily to dispose of it. It will be a different thing with the Employers' Liability Bill, the Hares and Rabbits Bill, and the Burials Bill, as amended in Committee. These are sent up to the Lords in accordance with ancient usage. But practically the Lords have no more option about accepting or refusing them than ordinary citizens will have in respect of obeying their directions when they shall have been added to the Statute Book. In either case, of course, free will may have its run. But serious penalties will attach to its running counter to the decision of the House of Commons.

The body practically endowed with supreme control has been limping along in somewhat painful fashion towards the end of the Session. With the close of last week vanished all pretence on the part of the great body of members to see the Session out. Since the end of July members have been festively antedating the recess; but they have gone away singly or in groups of two or three, and in each case have been ready to supply exceptional reasons why they must needs leave town. A fortnight ago they went cautiously as spies; now they march off openly in battalions. When the House met on Monday, the unwonted appearance of empty benches struck every one. The contrast was the greater, since all through the Session, not excepting last week, the benches have been crowded. Mr. Mitchell Henry's famous "working hat" has been in request daily, its double being occupied by securing a seat for its owner. On Monday one hat was sufficient to enable any member to secure a seat, or, if he wished it, two. The front Opposition bench was literally deserted, and but for the unshrinking devotion of Lord Randolph Churchill and his two colleagues of the Fourth Party, Conservatism would have been scarcely represented in the British House of Commons. Conservatism might well be thankful for the eccentricity which led Irish members to maintain their seats on that side of the House—a course adopted chiefly because every one expected them to cross over. If it had not been for the appearance on the Conservative side of such distinguished statesmen as Mr. Biggar, Mr. Finnigan, and a dozen others, it would have seemed as if Conservatism had collapsed.

As it was, these gentlemen made a successful stand against the desire of Ministers to make progress with the Estimates. With careful intent to put off as long as possible an inevitable evil day, Government have postponed from time to time the Irish votes. But there is nothing more remarkable in the character of the Irish members than the ingenuity with which they are enabled to associate Irish grievances with English affairs. For example, when Lord Frederick Cavendish moved the vote on account of Broadmoor Lunatic Asylum, it never could have occurred to him that Dundrum should have been dragged upon the stage, and should have filled it for a space extending over two mortal hours. There is a river in Macedon and another in Monmouth; also there are lunatics in Broadmoor and lunatics at Dundrum. This correlative fact sufficed to justify Mr. Arthur O'Connor in bringing forward the case of Dundrum, and descanting thereon at interminable length, amid protests from the Treasury Bench and feeble injunctions from the Chair.

In the same way the Scotch votes, when they were reached, were used by the Irish members as a fulcrum whereon to rest the lever that should move forward the cause of Home Rule. The Scotch members, a canny set of gentlemen who may fairly be supposed to know their own business, had very little to say about the Scotch votes. Sir George Balfour poured forth a flood of tepid talk down

the back of Lord Frederick Cavendish, who sat on the bench below him. This was on the subject of the salary of the Lord Advocate, which Sir George desired to have arranged on some basis more acceptable to his own views of convenience than had occurred to the Treasury. But no one followed up this point (whatever it may have been), and the vote was passed. Immediately after Mr. O'Connor, whose oratorical style has been formed in the Chelsea Vestry Room, lighted upon the case of some old gentleman in Kinross, who, though he has reached the patriarchal age of eighty, not only positively declines to die, but insists upon drawing a salary irrevocably secured to him about half a century ago. Into this old gentleman's birth, official duties, domestic arrangements, and general condition of contumacy, Mr. O'Connor entered with much gusto. It was not easy to follow the connexion established between the longevity of the gentleman at Kinross and the standing injustice to Ireland. No one could make out what Kinross was to Mr. O'Connor, or he to Kinross. Still, he gained his purpose when he had made a speech to which no one listened for forty minutes, and by that space of time delayed the progress of business. Of course nothing came of his interposition except delay, and when at three o'clock in the morning members went home it was with the consciousness that out of sixty-eight votes they had passed fifteen.

On Tuesday Lord Hartington made his statement on Indian Finance. It was a melancholy oration, accounting for an expenditure of fifteen millions sterling as the cost of marching to Cabul and marching back again, and explaining in detail the astounding blunder by which an overwhelming deficit was transmogrified by financiers under the late Administration into a blooming surplus. The principal interest of the speech was centred in the expected disclosure of what the Government intended to do towards meeting the deficit. Lord Hartington made it clear that India would not be left to bear the whole burden of the war. But in what manner England is to come to her assistance remains undetermined, until the new Viceroy should have had time to master the situation.

On Wednesday substantial progress was made, the Employers' Liability Bill being read a third time, in spite of some opposition from Mr. Gorst; and the Savings Bank Bill also far advanced through Committee.



THE ROBBERY OF ARMS AT CORK.—On Wednesday night, last week, a Norwegian vessel, called the *Juno*, lying in Cork Harbour, was boarded by about forty men, supposed Fenians, who carried off forty-two guns, which formed part of her cargo. The captain and crew of the ship, with a Revenue officer who was on board, were shut up in the cabins, and sentries, armed with revolvers, placed over them. After some time the thieves made off, as they had come, in boats with muffled oars, and an alarm was at once given, but the police found the telegraph wires cut, thus preventing communication with Cork. Six men have been arrested in connection with the affair, but are now at liberty on bail, the charge against them being adjourned. Twenty of the guns have been recovered by the police, being found hidden on the banks of the river. They are not rifles, but ordinary muzzle loaders with smooth bores. The captain of the *Juno* has received a letter bearing the Cork postmark, and signed "Head Centre," apologising for the intrusion, and saying that the raiders were under the impression that the class of weapon was far superior, and that if they had come up to the standard expected, they intended to give the captain an order for their full value upon a bank in New York.

THE RIGHT OF HISSING has been successfully maintained before Mr. Vaughan, the Bow Street magistrate, by a gentleman who, having chosen that method of expressing his disapproval of some portion of a recent performance at the Royal Music Hall, Holborn, was laid hold of by the manager, who wanted to turn him out. The manager was fined 20s. and costs for the assault, Mr. Vaughan remarking that any person going to a place of amusement had a perfect right to express an opinion as to the nature of the entertainment.

THE OATH DIFFICULTY cropped up in a new form the other day at Wandsworth Police Court, when a Roman Catholic priest, who appeared as a witness, declined to be sworn on the New Testament, saying that there ought to be a Roman Catholic Bible in every Court of Justice. The magistrate declined to take his evidence; and remarked that the law provided no alternative in such cases.

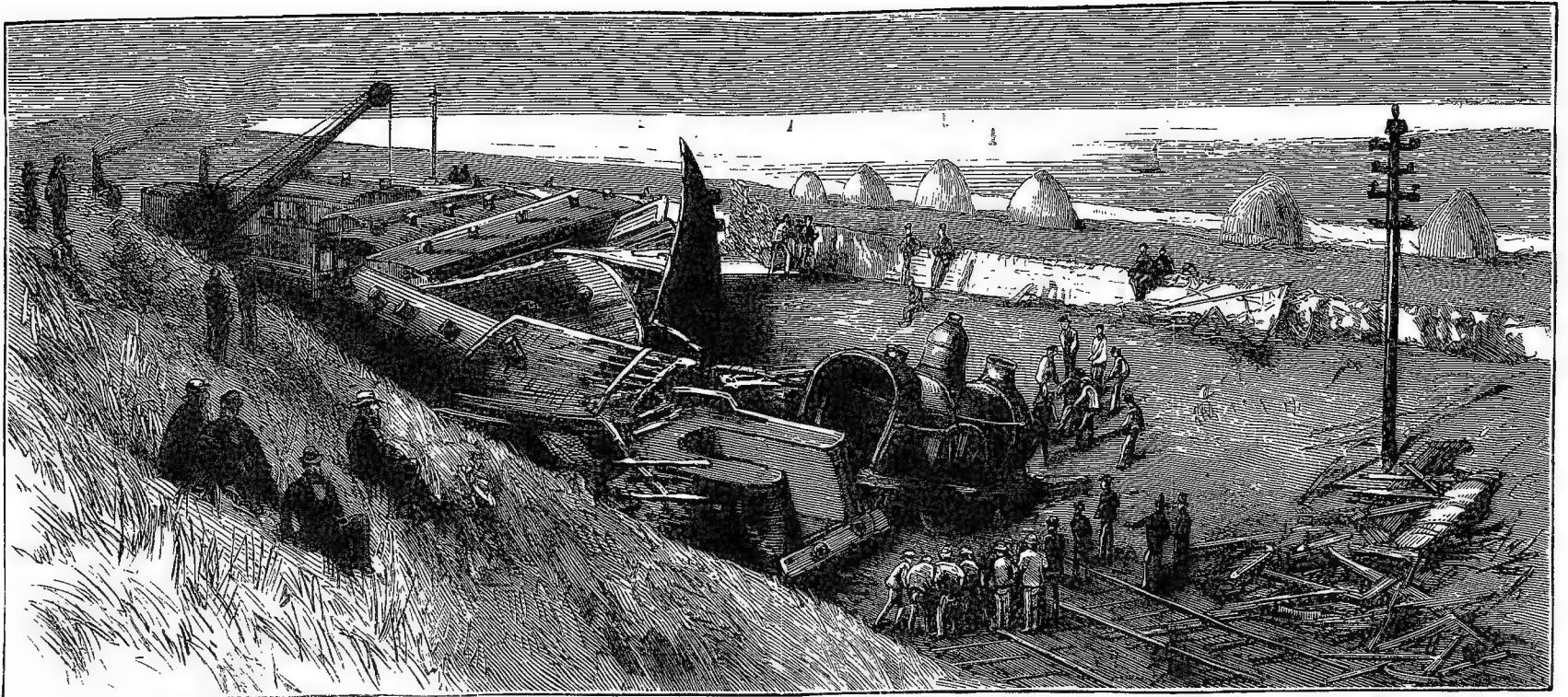
BURGLARY AT LORD ELDON'S.—On Saturday Lord Eldon's residence at Encombe, Dorsetshire, was visited by burglars, who are said to have carried off 20,000l. worth of jewellery, as well as 30l. in cash. Among the booty was a large seal, a portion of the Great Seal of George III. which was presented to Lord Chancellor Eldon by George IV.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—At Guildhall on Saturday a young man was charged with stealing a bag from the waiting-room at the Liverpool Street Railway Station. He was arrested by one of the Company's officers, who saw him remove the bag from one part of the room to another, and leave the place when the owner returned and began making inquiries about it. His defence was that he had no intention of stealing the bag, but wished to give the owner a lesson on the foolishness of leaving his property unprotected. Fortunately he had good references as to character, and Sir T. O'Wden, accepting his version of the affair, discharged him, advising him not to act in such a foolish manner again.

UNFILIAL CHILDREN.—Two young men, the sons of a magistrate at Burnham, Somersetshire, have been sent to gaol in default of finding securities to keep the peace towards their father, who complained that he went in bodily fear of them. They were also fined 5l. and costs for assaulting a policeman who had been called in by their father to protect him from their violence. The nature of the domestic quarrel is not stated.

"GENTLEMANLY" AMUSEMENT.—At the Edmonton Petty Session the other day three lads described as "young gentlemen by birth and education" were charged with being drunk and disorderly and assaulting the police at a *fête* held at Wood Green. It was shown that they had behaved in a very extraordinary manner, unhooking lamps from the trees, knocking off people's hats, and putting their arms around ladies' waists. On being taken into custody they became very violent, one of the constables being so severely injured as to be placed upon the sick list. For the defence it was urged that the case had been greatly exaggerated, and it was complained that the defendants had been handcuffed together and marched to the police station. The magistrates, though thinking that they had brought this severe suffering upon themselves, yet, in consideration of it, imposed a lighter sentence than they would otherwise have done, fining each of them 4l., with 1l. 4s. 6d. costs.

A DISHONEST RELIEVING OFFICER of the Lincoln Union was the other day charged with misappropriating the funds entrusted to him for distribution as out-door relief. The deficiency in his books was over 130l., and it was shown that he had not only drawn money for the supposed relief of deceased paupers, but also had kept back part of the money allowed to poor people who were still alive. In one case he gave 5s. 6d. instead of 10s. 6d. per week to a woman who had five children, and whose husband was sick. He pleaded



THE ACCIDENT TO THE "FLYING SCOTCHMAN"—THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER



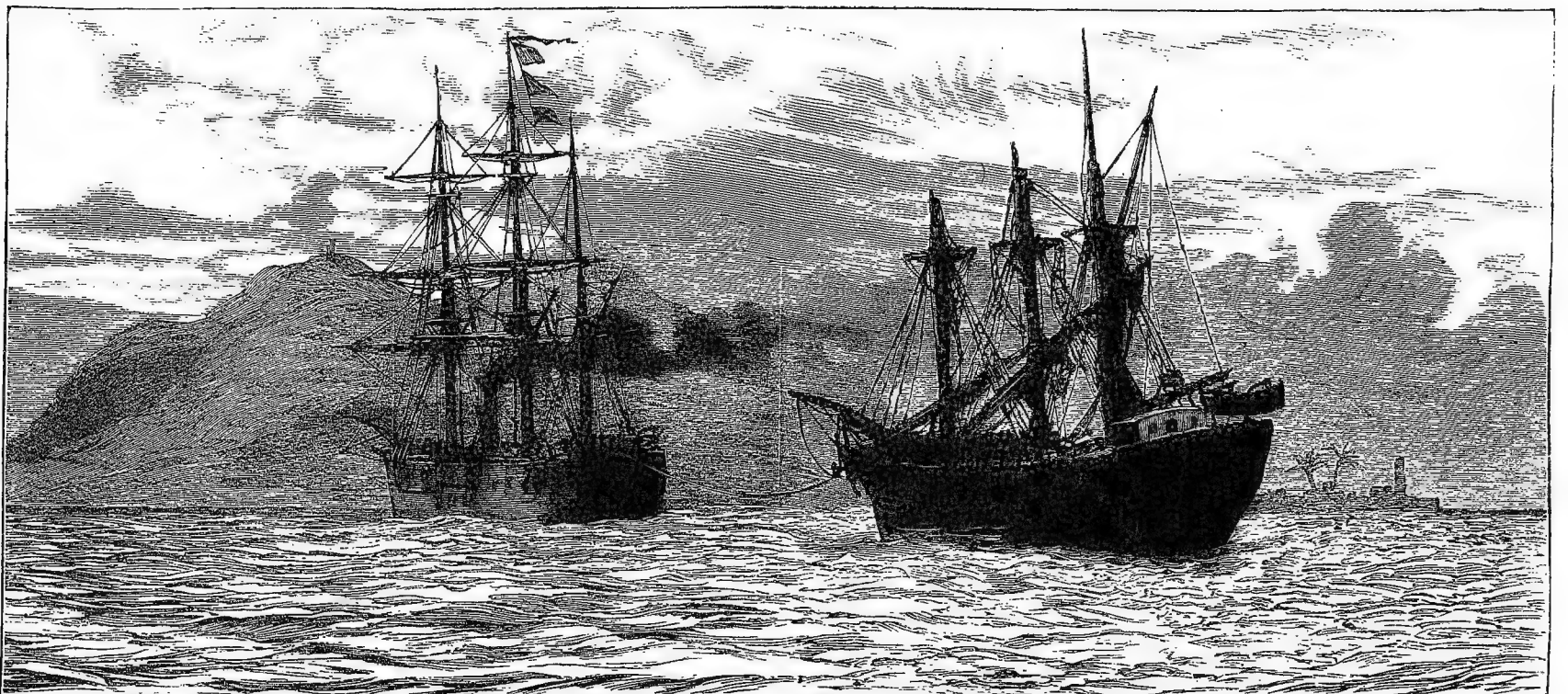
GENERAL ALFRED HUYSHE, C.B.
Died Feb. 25, aged 68



COMMANDER JOHN BRUCE, R.N.
Drowned May 17,

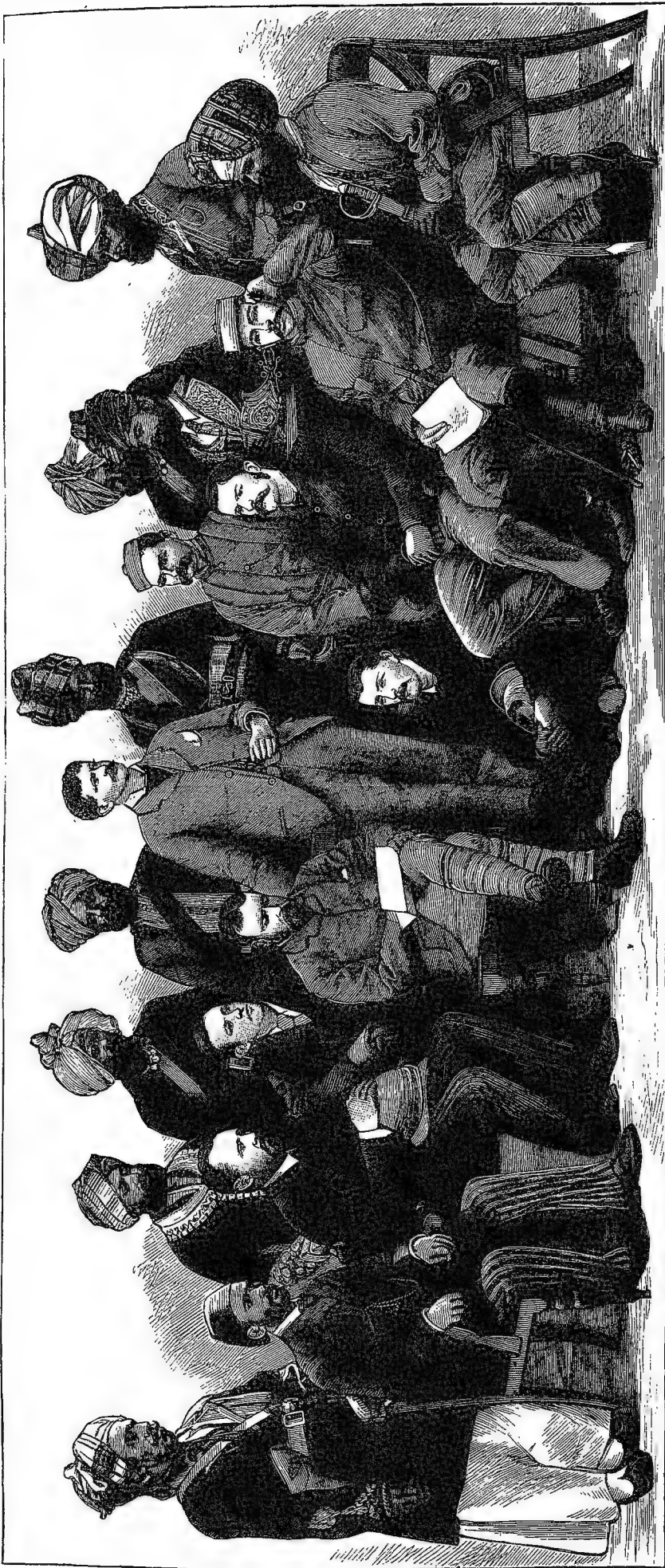


MR. TOM TAYLOR
Died July 12, aged 62



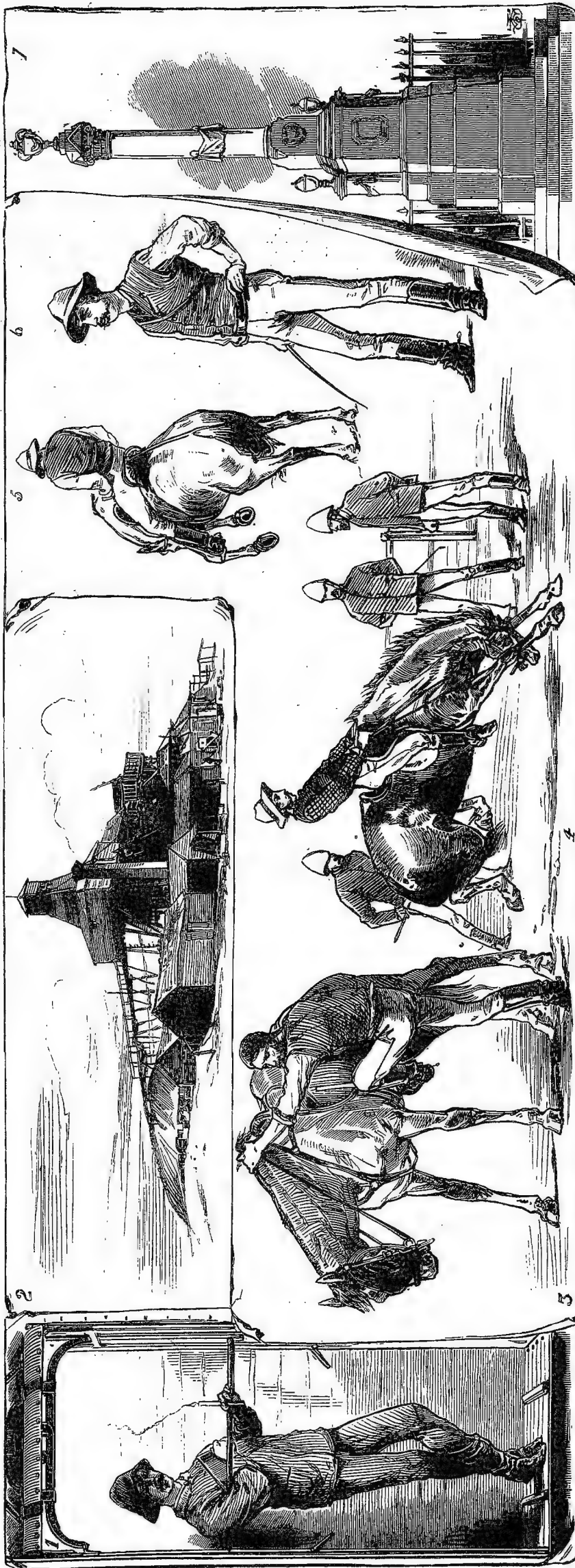
THE BRITISH FLEET IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—H.M.S. "INVINCIBLE" TOWING THE DERELICT SHIP "GIORGIO BOSCORICH" INTO PALERMO

Said Khan (Personal Orderly)
Kazi Muhammad Aslam (Mir Nurshin)
Native Officer from the Nubia State Contingent
Subadar Kazi Sharf Ali
Ressalidar Niaz Mullanad, Kapurthalla State Contingent
Mr. Lepel Griffin, C.S.I.
Native Officer
Capt. A. Turner (Assist. Political Officer)
Mr. F. Cunningham (Political Officer)
Talsildar Chulam Mohireldin



Mirza Hussain (Persian Gentleman on Staff) Mr. E. H. S. Clarke (Private Secretary) Lieut. T. C. Pears (Assist. Political Officer) Sardar Raja Ali Khan
Mr. J. Christie (Head of the Intelligence Department) Major E. G. Hastings (Political Officer) Mr. G. C. Walker (Assist. Political Officer) Ressalidar Waridam Singh

THE WITHDRAWAL FROM CABUL—MR. LEPEL GRIFFIN, THE BRITISH POLITICAL AGENT, AND HIS STAFF



1. Descending the "Kohinoor" Gold Mine at Ballarat.—2. Surface Works at the "Kohinoor" Gold Mine.—3. Mounting a "Vixen."—4. "Making Him Go."—5. Commencing to Buck.—6. The Best Rough-Rider at the Colonies.—7. Memorial Erected at the Colonies.—7. Memorial Erected at the Colonies who were Murdered by the "Kelly Gang" in 1878

guilty; and three months' imprisonment was considered by the magistrate a sufficient punishment for his inhuman crime.

A SINGULAR RIOT occurred at Stretford, near Manchester, on Saturday. A party of lads, whose ages varied from fifteen to eighteen, had been bathing in the canal, and on landing in a corn-field beside it were spoken to by a watchman who was employed to protect the crop. The boys immediately attacked him, and when some policemen went to his aid, a general fight ensued, during which the constables were seriously assaulted. Ten of the young fellows were subsequently arrested, and nine of them have been sent to prison for three months, the remaining one being sentenced to two months with hard labour.

THE WIMBLEDON SCANDAL.—The court-martial for the trial of Sergeant Marshman, the "marker," who is accused of fraudulent malpractices at the Wimbledon Rifle Meeting was opened at Gosport, on Friday; and, as the proceedings are conducted with all the old-fashioned military routine, every question having to be written down and handed to the President by an orderly before being put to the witnesses, it is likely to last at least a fortnight, there being twenty-three witnesses to be called for the prosecution and seven for the defence. The Court consists of Colonel R. W. Bland Hunt (President) and eleven military officers, their legal adviser being Deputy-Judge-Advocate Major Blake, Barrister-at-Law. The prosecution is conducted by Major A. H. Ozzard, R.M.L.I., assisted by Mr. Staveley Hill, M.P., Q.C., Counsel to the Admiralty, while the defence is watched for the prisoner by Lieutenant Lorenzo Edye, R.M.L.I., Mr. King, and Mr. Bramson, the legal "friends" of the accused; and Mr. R. W. Ford, solicitor, appears on behalf of the National Rifle Association. The prisoner, a fine soldierlike man, wearing two medals, pleaded not guilty to the indictment, which comprises six counts, and refers to incidents which are alleged to have occurred in 1878 and 1879, as well as in the present year. The first witness, Sergeant John Sage, of the 1st Tower Hamlets Volunteers, gave evidence in a very rambling fashion, to the effect that the prisoner had at various times declared to him his willingness and power to favour certain persons in the marking. At the close of the proceedings on Tuesday the President stated that he had received a telegram from the commanding officer of a regiment who ought to have known better. He would not read it, but would hand it over to the Judge Advocate. On the same day a man named Bartlett was sentenced by the civil magistrates to six weeks' hard labour for assaulting the witness Sage, because he had mentioned his name in replying to a question in Court.



RURAL NOTES

THE ENGLISH HARVEST.—During the past ten days farmers have been in full harvest work.—From OXFORDSHIRE we hear of good wheat, oats, and beans, but somewhat inferior barley.—From NORFOLK that wheat is blighted, mildewed, and smutty, and very few fields are of the bright golden hue indicating a really healthy crop. Barley is better than the wheat, but is still under average, and there are not likely to be many prime samples. Oats, beans, and peas are good crops.—In STAFFORDSHIRE wheat and barley promise an average yield, while oats are a good and early crop.—In BEDFORDSHIRE much of the corn on heavy lands has been damaged by the rain; otherwise a good harvest is being reaped of wheat, barley, and oats.—In HERTFORDSHIRE oats and barley are rather earlier than wheat. With some local exceptions there should be a fully average yield all round.—In CUMBERLAND wheat and barley have suffered from excess of rain, but oats, the principal crop, will be a fairly good yield. Cutting is in progress.—In CAMBRIDGESHIRE there is on the whole an average crop of wheat, though the splendid promise of midsummer will not be realised owing to too heavy rain in July.—In NORTHAMPTON and HUNTINGDON wheat-cutting began on the 3rd of August, and newly-threshed samples have appeared at local markets, giving satisfaction. The yield of the three leading cereals should equal an average.—In WALES the yield of wheat and barley will not be an average, nor will secondary quality be as a rule exceeded. Oats are a little better crop. The Principality was much injured by July rains, and a really fearful storm on the 7th of August did tremendous damage from Carnarvon to Cardiff.—In CHESHIRE wheat looked very bad a fortnight ago, but has recovered a good deal since then. It is now expected to be not greatly under an average crop.—In YORKSHIRE and DURHAM all the crops will yield well, with the important exception of the Yorkshire coast and the land round Hull. Floods and rains have done irreparable damage in these districts.—In NORTHUMBERLAND wheat, barley, and oats look well, but beans rather disappoint previous good expectations.

POTATOES, usually grown in ridges and earthed, may also be cultivated thus:—Break the ground deep, free it of clods, smooth the surface, and drop the potatoes about eight or ten inches apart over the surface; they need not be in rows. No dust is required to cover them, but they must now be covered about three feet deep with straw. The work is then done till gathering time, as no weeds can come through the straw; the ground remains moist, and the potatoes grow all the time; they do not grow in the ground, but in the straw, sometimes a foot from the ground. They are easily taken, and are clean, ready for cookery. A very small bed will produce several bushels; they grow larger and smoother when planted in this way, and the ground is left in good condition for another crop.

THE VALUE OF SHEEP.—There have recently been some very successful sheep sales. At Mr. Neudwell's sale of Oxford rams a number of American and German buyers were present. The highest price was fifty guineas, and the average for fifty rams was no less than 18*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* Mr. Graham's sale at Yardley was chiefly of Shropshires, and the highest price was 160 guineas, thirty-three rams averaged over 19*l.*, and a pen of five ewes fetched 16*l.* The average for eighty ewes was 9*l.* 18*s.* At Mr. Read's Hornington sale a ram fetched 65 guineas, and the average for twelve Hampshire Down lamb rams was 33 guineas. Sheep breeding and rearing should be looking up.

CATTLE DISEASE.—All farmers will rejoice at the "demolition" of Mr. Arthur Arnold and his advanced Radical following in the House of Commons. Among the astonishing statements of the Manchester representative was that Texas fever is neither contagious nor infectious. Mr. Duckham, M.P., writes to say that this fever is probably identical with rinderpest, and is singularly fertile in infection, in proof of which he gives the case of a Texan friend of his who has recently been mulcted in 800*l.* damages, owing to the proved spread of contagion from his herd to those of farmers in a healthy part of the country, with whose animals, in being driven to market, the diseased cattle came in contact.

NEW BREAD.—Mr. R. Ballard, of Brighton Flour Mills, sends us a specimen loaf of the first bread made from wheat of the present year's growth. The wheat—Talavera—was grown and threshed by Mr. W. Holford, of Rottingdean. It weighed 63 lbs. per bushel, and was sold for 58*s.* per quarter.

POLLED CATTLE.—We note that the famous herd of polled cattle, bred by the late Mr. McComb, of Tillyfour, will be dispersed, without reserve, under the hammer of Mr. Farquhar,

at Echt, on the 26th of August. This remarkable herd consists of fifty-seven cows and heifers and fourteen bulls. As Tillyfour is not the most accessible of localities, it is satisfactory to learn of special railway arrangements for those attending the sale.

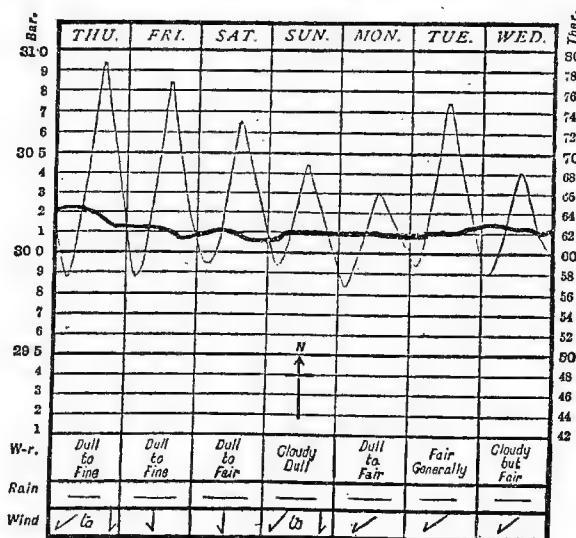
FARMERS' AND EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY.—The Government Bill for regulating employers' liability is believed by Mr. Howard, Mr. Duckham, and other Liberal exponents of the agricultural interest to inflict a wrong upon farmers, especially in Mr. Dodson's almost ridiculous insistence on the words "plant" and "stock in trade," including cattle and horses. It is to be hoped that the House of Lords will make an amendment which seems to be required by common sense, let alone considerations of a more technical character.

HARES AND RABBITS.—A suggestion is made that by omitting the word "hares" in the Ground Game Bill, farmers and landowners might come to a fair agreement, and the Government measure be expedited. It is said that on all ordinary farms there are about fifty rabbits to one hare, and that it is the former animal which inflicts so much injury upon the crops. On the other hand a sportsman thinks more of shooting one hare than many rabbits; indeed, however the law may go, we were brought up in a sporting district to call hares *game* and rabbits *vermin*. The matter is emphatically one for compromise, for farmers, as a rule, no more wish to see hares extirpated than do landowners. And in many cases the farmer enjoys a little rabbit shooting now and then just as much as his landlord.

LUNG SICKNESS.—A paragraph as to treatment in this disease was given last week, but with the important omission that the advice was addressed to Colonial farmers. In this country official regulations make the immediate slaughter of animals attacked compulsory, and notice has to be given to the district police, under sharp penalties. The Government allow a liberal proportion of the value of cattle so slaughtered. In the last fortnight several cases have been mentioned amongst some important herds, and the consequent sacrifice. We are indebted to a correspondent for pointing out the omission above-mentioned.

THE WEATHER.—Mr. Brand's observations at Glynde, Sussex, offer an interesting comparison between 1880 and 1879. The rainfall of 1879 was 2'28 inches; of May 1880, 0'11 inches; of June 1879, 3'88 inches; of June 1880, 1'67 inches; and of July 1879, 3'64 inches; of July 1880, 3'25 inches, in all 9'80 inches in 1879 against 5'03 inches in 1880. Sunshine in hours was, May 1879, 151; May 1880, 179; June 1879, 141; June 1880, 123; July 1879, 90; July 1880, 180; total 1879, 382; 1880, 482. The fact that last July had just double the sunshine of the previous July is very significant. During the last ten days heat up to 128° has been registered, and two cases of sunstroke have occurred, one that of a farm labourer in Ireland, the other that of a well-known Monmouth farmer named Harris. The week ending August 15th was very fine, and was characterised by two appearances of Aurora Borealis on Wednesday and Thursday nights respectively. The streamers, of a rosy tinge, were 30 degrees long.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK AUGUST 12 TO AUGUST 18 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—We have to record the very finest week's weather which has been experienced during the present summer, the effect of which on the various crops has been of a most beneficial nature. It will be seen by referring to our diagram that although temperature has not been at all unusually high, the days have been warm as a rule, and that, for once, no rain has fallen in our district, and, better still, very little in any district of the United Kingdom. In addition to this we have had a remarkably steady barometer, a dry north-easterly breeze, and the only thing which could have been wished otherwise was the cloudiness, which, over England, has been greater than for harvesting purposes could be desired. The barometer was highest (30'23 inches) on Thursday (12th inst.); lowest (30'07 inches) on Saturday (14th inst.); range, 0'16 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (79°) on Thursday (12th inst.); lowest (57°) on Monday (16th inst.); range, 22°. Rainfall was nil. The wind has been northerly and north-easterly all the week, and light to moderate in force.



SPORTING

THE TURF.—Egham and Oxford in the South and Stockton in the North have provided as usual some fair racing, especially the latter. In the Stockton Tradesmen's Handicap the uncertain Adamite once more took it into his head to run generously, and secured Mr. Cookson the stake. Teviotdale, who has been somewhat under suspicion of late for the Leger, beat Fleecy Cloud in the Zetland Biennial, and it was thought that he would put in an appearance for the Great Northern Leger the next day. However he did not, and the race was won easily enough by Experiment, who started with odds on her in a field of four. There are not a few good judges on the Turf who think that this mare would have had a fair chance for the Doncaster race had she been entered for it. At Egham St. Augustine met with another disappointment in running second to Belfry for the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes.—The feature of recent speculation on the St. Leger is the still further advance in favouritism of Bend Or, who is now backed at 6 to 4.

CRICKET.—During the last week or so the crack counties have been particularly busy. That Surrey should have succumbed to Yorkshire is no more than might have been expected. The match (return) which was played at the Oval for the benefit of James Street, an old member of the Surrey Eleven, was a very one-sided one, Yorkshire in one innings scoring 398, of which Ulyett made 141, and Surrey 176 and 99. Of this latter number Pooley, who is

not famous for long scores, contributed 53.—Gloucestershire and Middlesex have played their fourth match, and for the first time have managed to escape a draw. There was some big scoring in the first innings, Mr. A. J. Webb for Middlesex marking 142, and Mr. Moberly for Gloucestershire 99. In their second innings the Middlesex men did but badly, their total being only 122, thus enabling Gloucestershire to beat them by five wickets.—In its match with Nottinghamshire, the Western County did not make a good show, and was lucky in the game being drawn. For Notts, in her first innings, Barnes made 143 by some of the finest batting ever witnessed.—But what shall we say of the defeat of Yorkshire by Middlesex? This return match was played at Sheffield, and resulted in the victory of the Metropolitan County by six wickets; and thus Middlesex may be argued to stand at the head of inter-county cricket for the season.—Surrey made up somewhat for its defeat above mentioned by beating Sussex at Brighton by six wickets.

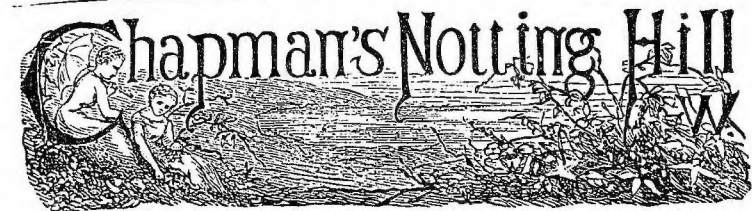
PEDESTRIANISM.—On Monday evening last, at the London Athletic Club Ground, Stamford Bridge, Mr. W. G. George, of the Moseley Harriers, ran the fastest mile on record, his time being 4 minutes 23 1-5 seconds. The best time of Mr. W. Slade, who has now relinquished athletics, was 4 minutes 24 1-2 seconds. A gentleman, however, has written to a contemporary, to say that his brother at Queen's College, Oxford, some years ago ran the distance in 4 minutes 15 seconds, and that the fact is recorded on the silver medal, and was attested by several witnesses.

SWIMMING.—The One Mile Amateur Championship was decided at South Norwood lake on Saturday last, and as Mr. Horace Davenport had retired after a succession of victories unequalled by any amateur the race was unusually open. Nine competitors, the pick of the amateur element, came to the post, and after a good race the Silver Challenge Cup fell to Mr. J. P. Taylor, of Newcastle, who won by 25 yards, his time being 30 minutes 37 seconds.

AQUATICS.—Laycock, the Australian, and Blackman of Lambeth are matched to row over the Thames Championship course on October 5th for 100*l.* a side.

JOLLY YOUNG WATERMEN.—A waterman of the Thames was recently brought before the magistrates to answer for some offence committed in pursuit of his avocation, and sentenced to a fine of forty shillings, or a month's imprisonment. "Then I must go to quod," was the delinquent's mournful remark; "forty shillings! why it's more than I earn in a month sometimes." Allowing for exaggeration prompted by bitterness of spirit, there can be no doubt that the "jolly young waterman" of our noble river did not long survive the great Mr. Dibdin, who sang of him as Fortune's favourite. It is true that at Blackfriars Bridge "he used for to ply;" but in these days neither at that spot, nor at any stair, included among the seventy of those conveniences to be found between Greenwich and Battersea, do "gay city ladies" enlist his services, and give him an opportunity for feathering his oars with that skill and dexterity for which he was so famous. Londoners have long since ceased to take their pleasure on the watery highway, and the ferries grow fewer and further between. It is worse than ever for the unfortunate watermen now that the metropolitan bridge tolls have been altogether abolished. It was a pitiful living, competing for the penny charged by the toll-gate man, but it was better than nothing at all. There really appears no insuperable difficulty in the way of a revival of at least the pleasure-party branch of the waterman's business during the summer months; but it will never be accomplished by the shabby and dejected tribe of oarsmen, the faint-hearted remnant of the old race. "It could never be done, sir," was the reply of an ancient wherryman, to whom the suggestion was made, and who, for all there was nautical about his attire, might have been a Billingsgate porter, and to whom the writer put the question. "It's all over with us carrying pleasuring people. They've grown too timid. Why, I mind the time when girls and women thought no more of stepping into a boat, even when the water was lively, and she was rocking deep as the rollocks, than they would of stepping into a cab or a coach; but, lor' bless you, they'd no more think of doing it now than of going up in a balloon. I've been on the river eight-and-twenty year, and I've got my two boys 'prenticed on it; so I ought to know something of what I'm talking about." "But since the business has decayed to the extent you say, was it quite judicious to allow your sons to become watermen?" "Allow 'em! How can a man help it? It comes natural to 'em. If a waterman has got boys, they find their way down to the water along of him much the same as young ducks follow the old 'un, and there they are among the boats as soon as they can climb into one, and the liking for it grows with 'em, and they're fit for nothing else, so there's no hoption but to 'prentice 'em to it. What becomes of 'em? why four times out of five they find when they grow up young men that fresh water don't pay, and so they take to salt, and ship in the navy or the merchant service."

ENGLISH SONGBIRDS 7. AMERICAN.—A well-known American naturalist, Mr. H. D. Minot, has just published the result of his observations during a lengthened sojourn on our shores. It is to be hoped, after reading Mr. Minot's criticism, we Britishers, who are notoriously "bumptious" as regards the superiority of all that pertains to our "right little, tight little island," will be brought to admit that at least in the matter of songbirds as compared with those of America, England is more remote even than nowhere. The gentleman in question has heard our nightingale, and is willing to allow that it has "a most wonderful compass," and on that account is perhaps the greatest of all bird vocalists. But the bird possesses "a less individual and exquisite genius than the wood thrush." Mr. Minot has listened to our skylark, and thinks, on the whole, that it is an overrated bird. He is incredulous as regards the rumoured altitude attained by our feathered minstrel of the sky, and is of opinion that if the bird ever mounts half a mile high it is as much as it does. The skylark's song, our naturalist admits, is "an unbroken ecstatic torrent," but at the same time it is shrill, slightly harsh, and not very musical. "It is not so rich as the bob-o'-link's simple lay, and its sweetest notes, though they suggest, do not equal, the canary's song, except for their intensity of utterance." Mr. Minot has a good word for our blackbird and thrush, and admires the music of the blackcap and the wren, and after summing up his judgment on the skylark with the remark, "all its poetry and the secret of its charm is in its flight," he confesses himself fascinated with the woodlark, whose song, he says, was the only new type of bird song he heard while abroad. Our chaffinch the American naturalist votes "tiresome," and concludes by telling us that among song-birds we have nothing to compare with the American hermit thrush, house wren, water warbler, song sparrow, and rose-breasted grosbeak. Of course Mr. Minot is an authority, and his opinion is deserving of respect; but we cannot help thinking that he is somewhat hard on our skylark. The mere mention of that English prime favourite brings to the mind a score of stories respecting it, each of which furnishes proof of its super-excellence. There is that story, for instance, of the lark that was taken out to California in the roughest and most turbulent times of the early gold-digging there. It belonged to a widow woman whose son had died, and the bird hung outside her shanty, which was a mile or more from the diggings. But every Sunday morning it was the custom for scores of the miners who hailed from the old country to make their way to the shanty, and sit and lie about near at hand, to listen to the "lark's sermon," as it was called, and smoke a calm, reflective pipe the while. When Mr. Minot can bring forward a bob-o'-link who has achieved such a moral victory, it will be time to talk about that bird's superiority.



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Welsh Serge in all colours, reduced to 6d., good quality.	Devonshire Serge, reduced to 1s. 3d., sold everywhere at	2s. 6d.
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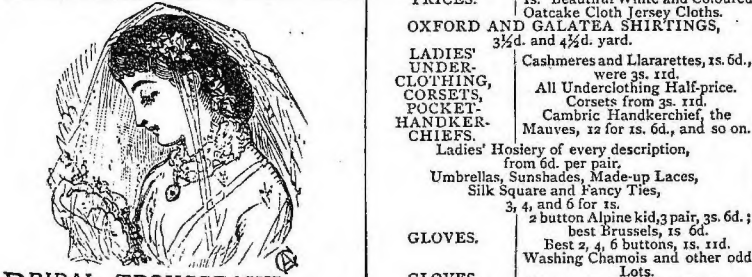
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List No. 5	88 4 6

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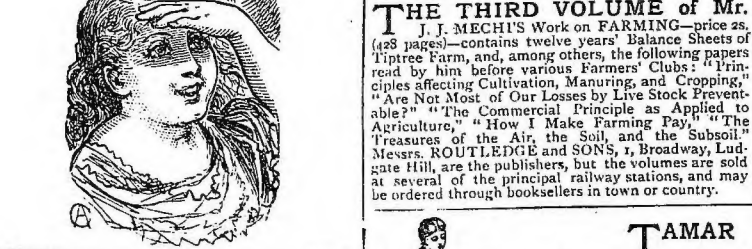


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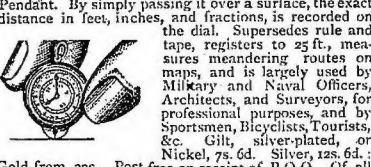
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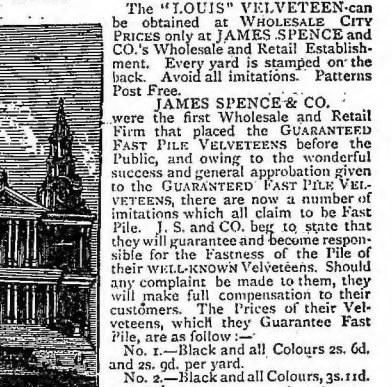
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Losses. 438,051 18 1
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The Committee earnestly APPEAL for FUNDS to
enable them to proceed with the construction of the
South Wing of the new Hospital, which will afford
accommodation for 80 additional patients, making a
total of 200 beds for in-patients.
Contributions thankfully received by the Treasurer,
H. S. Thornton, Esq., 22, Birch Lane, or by the
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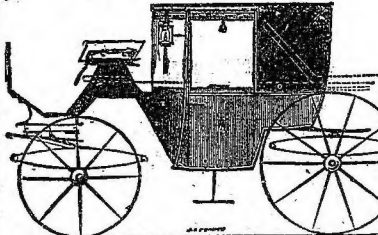
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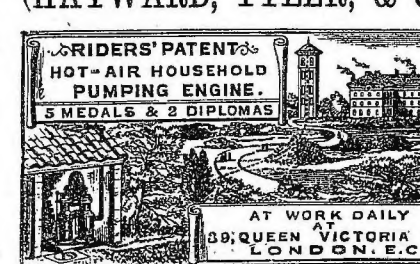
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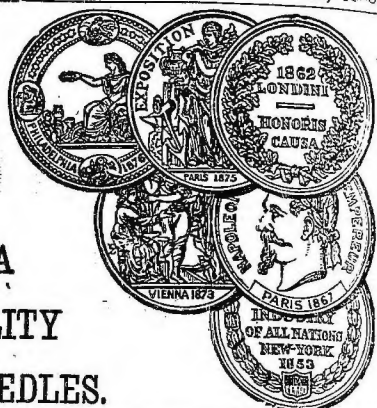
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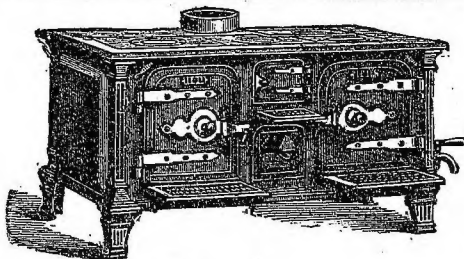
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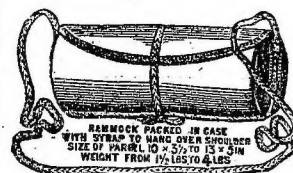


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